VOL. CCXVIII, No. 2848
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A Luncheon Engagement — *from the original water-colour by Ernest Uden*

LUNCHEONS are usually a little more hurried to-day, snatched in between business meetings or halfway through an important engagement. But you can still enjoy in "King George IV" the leisured pace of days gone by. Smooth and mellowed with the passing of time, here is a whisky, rich and rare in flavour, which brings the calm of yesterday to the hurried hours of to-day.

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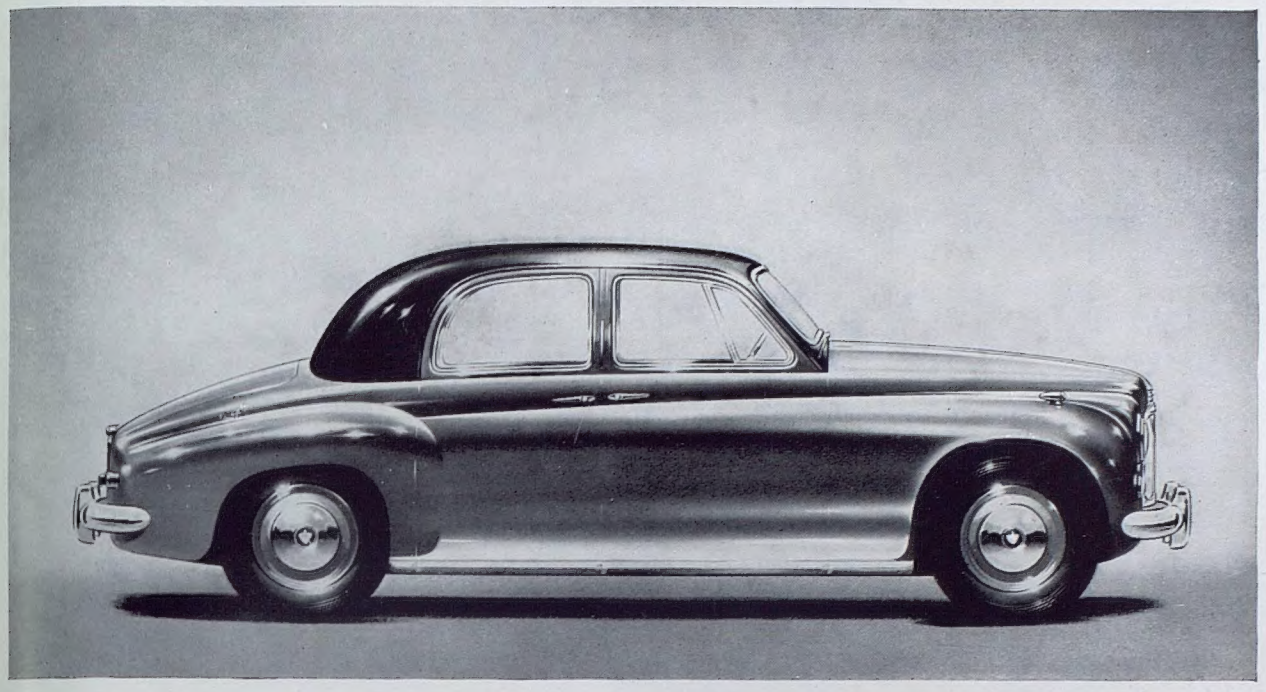

Illustration shows duo-tone finish available at small extra cost.

By Appointment to the late King George VI.
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Give a Rover its head on the open road . . . and listen, as the speedometer needle moves up. You will hear the hum of the tyres, the purr of the wind, and the ticking of the dashboard clock . . . scarcely another sound. Take a Rover into the thick of a city's traffic, and mark its perfect manners . . . its instant and uncomplaining obedience to your hand or foot. Drive a Rover 200 miles between breakfast and lunch, and note how fresh you feel in mind and body when the journey's over. Smooth, silent power . . . lightness of control . . . these are the things that have made so many people say: *it's a relief to drive a Rover!*

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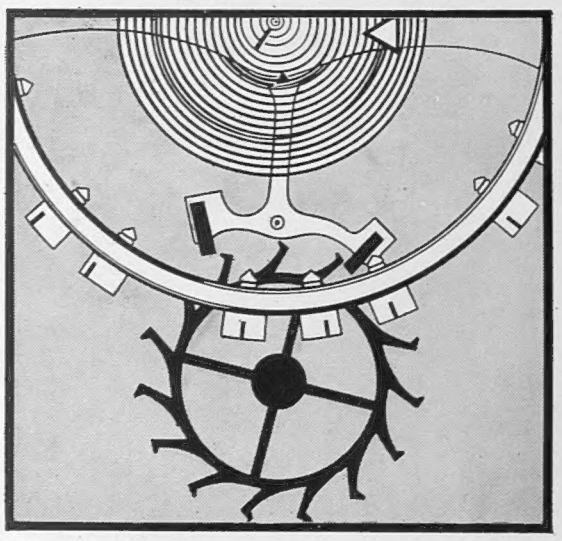
He's two men!

THE MAKER of the good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watch is a craftsman in the old sense. He has the master craftsman's age-old inherited knack of hand; his endless patience; his refusal to pass the least last detail till it's dead right.

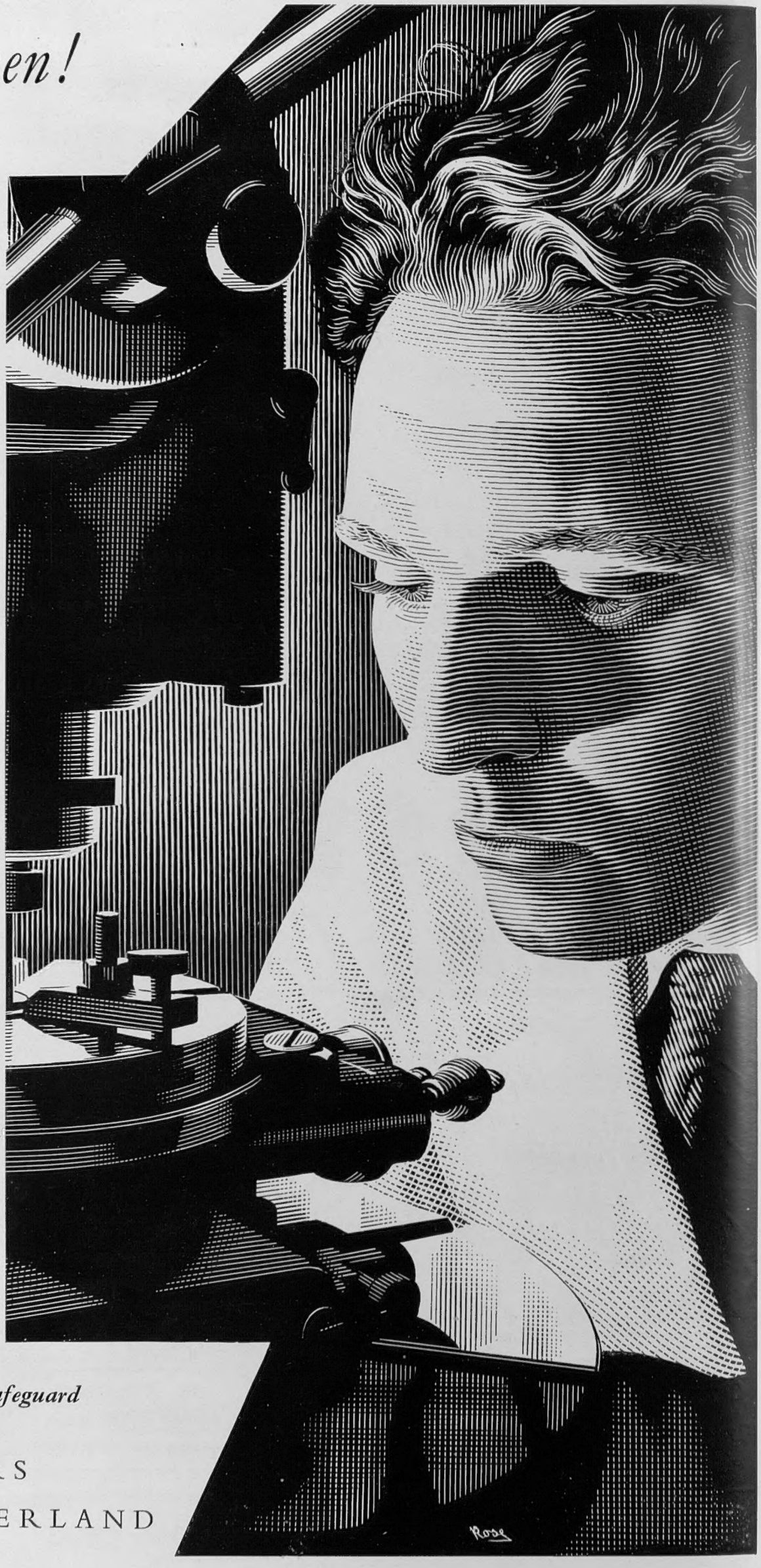
But he's also a technician of the 1950's. When he needs the world's latest watch-making machinery, it's at his side; using precision tools is second nature to him.

It's thanks to this rare two-sided skill that the good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watch is a small masterpiece—a lastingly reliable timekeeper and a thing of beauty. Ask a qualified jeweller to show you these watches and give you expert advice.



THE HEART OF A GOOD WATCH

432,000 times a day these two lever-hammers strike the escape-wheel teeth. Only if there's a jewel on the head of each can the hammers resist wear many years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

SWISS FEDERATION OF WATCH MANUFACTURERS

Volume CCXVIII No. 2848

The SPHERE, London, September 11, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE AIRCRAFT DISASTER AT SHANNON—THE PARTIALLY SUBMERGED K.L.M. SUPER-CONSTELLATION IN THE RIVER WITH RESCUE CRAFT ALONGSIDE: The aircraft crashed into the marshy Shannon estuary two minutes after leaving the airport bound for New York. Twenty-eight people lost their lives and there were twenty-eight survivors. The majority of deaths were caused by petrol fumes from a fractured tank beneath the floor of the cabin.

According to Captain Adrian Viruly, the pilot of the Super-Constellation *Triton*, which crashed at Shannon, the first indication that anything was wrong was a distinct fall shown on the rate-of-climb indicator; the air-speed indicator showed 165 knots, which was normal. Captain Viruly said that he pulled the control column towards him, but the aircraft did not respond. The crash was apparently fairly smooth, and the aircraft was not extensively damaged. Immediately it became apparent that the airliner had come down in water, rubber dinghies were automatically inflated and the crew set about marshalling the passengers into them. They were greatly hampered in this task both by the petrol fumes from the fractured tank and by the water, which was neither deep enough to float a dinghy nor shallow enough to make progress on foot with any speed: it was also dark. The crew guided parties of passengers across mudflats, water and slimy marsh to the shore, returning as often as possible for more, their work being made more difficult by the fact that passengers in the cabin were fast becoming unconscious from the petrol fumes. The alarm that the aircraft had crashed was first given by the navigator of the plane, J. Tieman, who trudged the two miles to the airport to do so. He collapsed on giving the news. Tieman reached the airport two hours after giving the alarm, and it was three-and-a-half hours before rescue craft reached the plane. (Further pictures on page 382.)

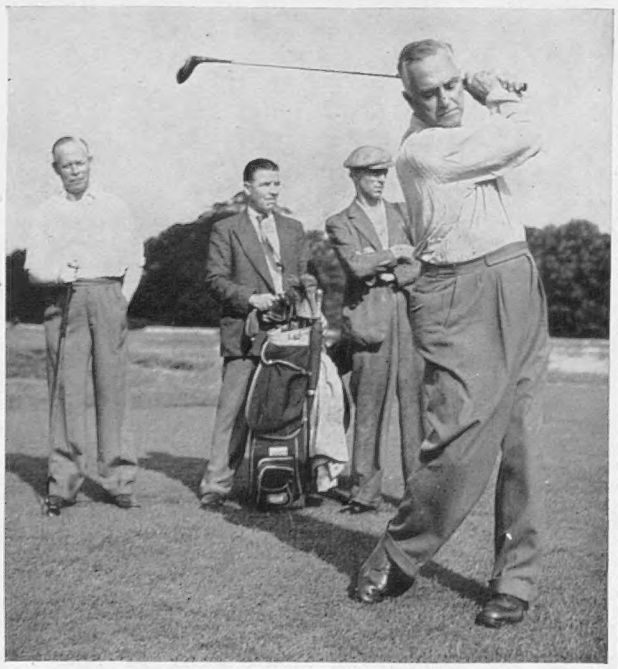
Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE "SPHERE" GOLF CHALLENGE CUP

CONGRATULATIONS FOR THE WINNER AT RICHMOND : Kenneth Horne, the runner-up, shakes hands with D. R. M. Reid, after the presentation of "The Sphere" Challenge Cup.

On Friday of last week, the Directors of Illustrated Newspapers Limited, proprietors of THE SPHERE, held their annual Invitation Golf Meeting at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club at Richmond. This event has taken place every year (except during the war) since 1926, and many prominent figures in the publishing and business worlds gather at the club to take part in the medal competition for THE SPHERE Challenge Cup. This year the cup was won by Mr. D. R. M. Reid, with a net score of 69, while Mr. Kenneth Horne was runner-up, with a score of 71. THE SPHERE prize for the best score under handicap for nine secret holes was won by Sir Graham Hayman. In the afternoon, Mr. G. P. Jackson and Mr. N. Gascoigne took first prize in the two-ball bogey foursomes, with a score of "all square." The prizes for all the competitions were distributed by Mr. W. C. Nisbett, a Director of Illustrated Newspapers Limited, and Mr. L. Masius, Chairman of Masius and Fergusson Limited, warmly expressed thanks and appreciation of this "unique and friendly annual gathering."

SIR GRAHAM HAYMAN RECEIVES HIS TROPHY : Making the presentation is Mr. W. C. Nisbett, who recently retired from his position as Managing Director of Illustrated Newspapers Limited. *Below*—Mr. Charles Snelling, Vice-Chairman of the Company, drives off from the fourth.



RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.* ; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3 ; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.* ; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

A Fateful Week-end.—The last week-end of August, 1954, might well have appeared to serious thinkers a date of tremendous importance. On that Saturday the French nation or its Parliament (which is perhaps not quite the same thing) had to make a tremendous decision, to honour and ratify the Treaty which France, herself, proposed, or to go into recess, leaving E.D.C. still in the air and Adenauer's position weakening. In the face of the latest evidence of Russian strength and determination, few people who think at all could believe that France would hesitate longer. But how many people in this country or in France can be said to think, can be said to be capable of appreciating the awful importance of that fateful week-end. Deauville was never more care-free, fashionable and luxurious. If the daily papers the vast majority of Britons read, and exclusively read, be any criterion, the bulk of the adult population saw nothing remarkable about that holiday week-end. The weather was kinder, football was getting on its feet, games and sports were drawing crowds, the bathing belles were in their element, there were pools to be filled in and pools to be fished. It was just a better week-end than usual this year and our concerns were for our own little plans and recreations in an England forever England. "There 'll always be an England "—but there are many millions alive to-day, or dead, who, in the last decades, have found that their countries have not enjoyed the privilege of immortality or continue to show any traces of the sweets and liberties which could be enjoyed when they were born. And we in Britain are among the first on the list for a similar unpleasant discovery, if the Western Powers fail to hold off the next aggressor and suffer E.D.C. to disintegrate as did the League of Nations and all other supra-national efforts to save civilisation from suicide and humanity from slavery. One felt that the people's daily reading, that week-end, might exceptionally have devoted rather less space to pools, belles and football, and more than half one column to international politics.

A Hard Decision.—Exactly why it is that the triviality and cheapjack of the Scottish editions of the popular dailies and Sundays depress me more than the English, I do not know. Certainly I have long felt that the northern Scots are both better educated and sounder in many ways than the generality in England. Crowded communities breed sillier sheep than sparse population, and the virtues of common sense, initiative, and neighbourliness, of necessity thrive best where help and man-made recreation are not just round the corner. Be that as it may (it is a diversion from our theme), France's decision was certainly a hard one. In their bitter memories of two scorchings, the fire of Nazism is still nearer and more dangerous than the thin ice of Communism, and that, no doubt, was why at the last minute Poland, briefed by Russia, offered her a mutual aid pact against German aggression from which both countries have suffered so often and so bitterly. And that offer, intended as another spanner in the works of E.D.C., clearly revealed that Poland's Government regards Russian aggression as a harmless whip compared with the scorpion of Nazism. The offer, too, revealed the immensity of France's difficulty in deciding the fateful issue, if many Frenchmen could see attraction in a plan of mutual defence with Poland against a nation which is to be a brother-in-arms with France in defence of her liberty under E.D.C. Anyway, ratification was handsomely rejected after old Herriot had sung his swan-song. So perhaps our own national refusal to take very seriously the implications of that fateful week-end was justified realistically. For there was nothing on earth that we, who stand just outside E.D.C., could do to influence France to decide for or against. But, if we stand just outside the Treaty, our feet are firmly planted in the Territory. We know where our interests lie and where our frontier against aggression runs. France might accept, reject or postpone again, but if our frontier is not to shrink again to the suicide line of the Channel, we are forever committed to Western Europe, and there the bulk of our Army must remain. We must, in the end, back any remnant of the Treaty, any compromise, because without our Army, there would be no American Army, no inducement to Adenauer to fight on ; nothing but scraps of paper between Dover and East Berlin—little scraps of paper drifting in the wind.

Shadow and Substance.—Mr. Attlee and his party were no doubt wise to ration their pronouncements to the reporters who followed their trail. There must have been embarrassing moments when the Chinese Mandarins announced their aims and policies, not least as to Formosa. For Formosa is a subject which might at any time raise far-reaching and terrible implications on the border-line of World War III. A party of back-benchers making a personally-conducted tour of a dictator country may describe their objective as fact-finding, though their hosts' objective is poodle-faking. The results are innocent enough. The visitors return to write their little books and air their knowledge, the hosts feel they have done some good propaganda and thrown some clever dust about. But when the tourists include an ex-Premier and at least two men who expect in due course to rule the destinies of Britain, when the party calls itself a Shadow Cabinet with full authority just round the corner, the party takes on a more serious guise. The hosts, ignorant of our party system, may well think it worth while to brief "the next British Government," and may take the most polite show of interest or assent to any item of their aspirations as a kind of official British endorsement of their policies and intentions. So that a nod and a beck, bestowed out of politeness or off the record, may very well embarrass the Government that *is* in power, and will probably still be in power in Britain five years hence. The Government in power is, of course, neither bound nor even concerned in what Mr. Attlee or Mr. Bevan say or do on their holidays, but Russian dictators and Chinese Mandarins don't know how little substance a Shadow Cabinet possesses, and it is quite possible that encouragement may be given where it shouldn't be given, and a charge of hypocrisy or breach of faith result. And wherever and whenever anything hostile to American policy has been ventilated and assented to, even as a gesture of politeness, Mr. Attlee's circus may well have done real harm to the interests of the Western Allies. A holiday at Margate would perhaps have suited these statesmen just as well and their country even better.

Harvest Home.—A railway journey from London to the Eastern Counties, last week, proved too terrible for a friend of mine. He drew down the blind to hide from his eyes the hideous wreck of what should be smiling cornfields. In Scotland, just now, gales have taken the place of rain after a brief interval of warm sunshine, but the crops are standing up better than usually and compare favourably with those in Eastern England and no possible hour is ever missed to bring in some of the harvest. And how badly it is needed ! In 1900, the experts tell us, there was a world population of 1,600,000,000. By 1980 there should be 4,000,000,000, *for every day* 70,000 *new mouths clamour to be fed.* We don't increase our population as fast as some do out East. Still, we have our problem. In a normal year we manage to feed three-fifths of our population. We are not so poor as we were and at present can buy enough food to feed the surplus 20,000,000. But a majority of the human race can no longer raise food or buy food for its own peoples, who live on the border-line of starvation and from hand to mouth. It looks as if a Malthus, no less than a fertility scientist, is needed to save the world from famine and pestilence and in that sense one ruined Suffolk cornfield is of world importance, a tragedy for humanity.

THE COMPETITORS AT THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS' GOLF MEETING : This group, seen at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club, Richmond, includes many prominent people both in the publishing and business worlds. In the front row are several directors of Illustrated Newspapers Limited. Altogether, there were sixty-six guests.

Millionaire's Paradise.—The great sale of the effects at Rosehaugh, in the Black Isle, kept the Kessock Ferry busier than ever in its history. The "pleasure dome" of millionaire Fletcher had to be seen to be believed, and dealers and sightseers thronged in from all parts to gloat over this nightmare treasure-house. The best bedrooms (there are about thirty-five) impressed me most. Each was crammed with junk like a dark lumber-room; the windows, lurid with Victorian stained-glass, revealed Roman baths in alcoves; dinner-services plastered the walls; lace and heavy curtains concealed the splendid view, and such an amalgam of pictures, bad water-colours, commonplace reproductions of Victorian Academy favourites, and lurid oils filled any vacant spaces and added to the horror of an awakening in such nightmare caverns. A brass staircase led down to the chain of reception rooms, each darker than the next, and here were displayed a few collectors' pieces, some fine eighteenth-century French clocks, oriental rugs and carpets, and china and ceramics of various dates and kinds, cheek by jowl with the horrors of the Caledonian market. The library contained some rarities, many spoiled by luxury rebinding, representing an enormous outlay of money originally. The whole set-out, the hideous, uncomfortable palace, and all its monstrous contents, was a perfect example of the misuse of money, the tragic story of wealth uncontrolled by taste, a bitter lesson on the theme that money alone cannot buy happiness, comfort, amenity, nor even light and air.

Grouse.—The chapter on grouse in any popular history of the Highlands was once important and essential. It looks to-day as if that chapter will grow as thin as the chapter on snakes in Eire. Long ago, when I had zest and leisure for such matters, I copied out the shooting records of one small moor in the Highlands and I note that between 1898 and 1927 it never returned a blank year. Its peak was in the famous year of 1922 when 2,400 brace were shot; its average must have been maintained at well over 600 brace, and every year, however austere, it provided sport in moderation. And then, with the Second World War, something new and still unknown created a new condition. Clearly the health of the grouse has suffered and it has lost the stamina which once enabled it to survive the chances of weather at vital times, late snow, sleet, and so on, in the nesting season. In old days, the grouse knew how to combat these afflictions, and it is certain that the increase in vermin due to faulty keepering is not in itself enough to account for the present decline. Some bug has attacked them and undermined their powers of resistance, and no one yet has been able to find it. Birds are not like lambs. The "trembling" disease, which once ravaged the hill flocks, was localised, and inoculation checked it and gave time for natural immunisation. It is no easy task to find and send alive to a clinic a diseased grouse to discover the cause. Equally difficult to cure by scientific means. The excuse of the weather at the vital times had some colour, perhaps, in the spring of 1953; it had none in the spring of 1954. The weather then was no worse than that which, in old days, the grouse could easily combat with their normal stamina. Until the Second World War, the grouse population had their normal rises and declines, a rough seven-year cycle from peak to low-level, always building up again after a decline, due to the fouling of their ground by overstocking after a bumper season. All that is now changed. The grouse is no longer tough enough to resist its normal enemies of weather and vermin, and our one and only national bird, which means so much to the Highlands, needs luck and mothering to keep its species from vanishing in many once famous areas for grouse-shooting. It only remains to say, that if ever a bumper year returned, economic conditions to-day make it certain that the means are no longer available to cope with it.

Gilbert White's Home.—I heard from Sir Harry Brittain the good news that Gilbert White's home at Selborne is saved for the nation by a munificent gift which provides a fine endowment to admit of acceptance by the National Trust. And with money, books. Books of the first scientific value to field-naturalists from two generous sources. Libraries which are almost complete records of the study of natural history since it began to be seriously undertaken, and a quantity of information about White and other pioneers, of weather records, and so forth. As a result of these windfalls, the early scheme to pull down the modern additions to White's home is abandoned. His house will be restored much as he left it. The added wings will house the libraries. To make White's house a living memorial and to refit the additions, a small sum (perhaps £800) is still urgently needed and will, I hope, be forthcoming, if only as a thank-offering to so much generosity. The National Provincial Bank, Alton, is waiting to acknowledge donations.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

UFFA FOX describes the Royal London Yacht Club race to Cherbourg; the Royal Southern Yacht Club race to Yarmouth; and prospects for the Island Sailing Club Nab Tower race.

NEVILLE CARDUS contributes a review of the past cricket season.

CRUISING DOWN THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL

THIS VOYAGE COST £700: Manchester Aldermen, Councillors, their wives and friends made a 36-mile cruise down the Manchester Ship Canal in a hired ferry-boat named *Egremont*. The Manchester Ship Canal Company paid the £300 hire charge, but a bill of £400 for drinks, food and cigars was paid out of the rates. The party lunched at Bridgewater House, Runcorn, once the home of the third Duke of Bridgewater who built the barge canal, forerunner of the Ship Canal. Six corporation buses carried the party back to the Manchester Town Hall. Earlier, a City Councillor had told the Council meeting that a cruise down the "stinking" Ship Canal was no pleasure.

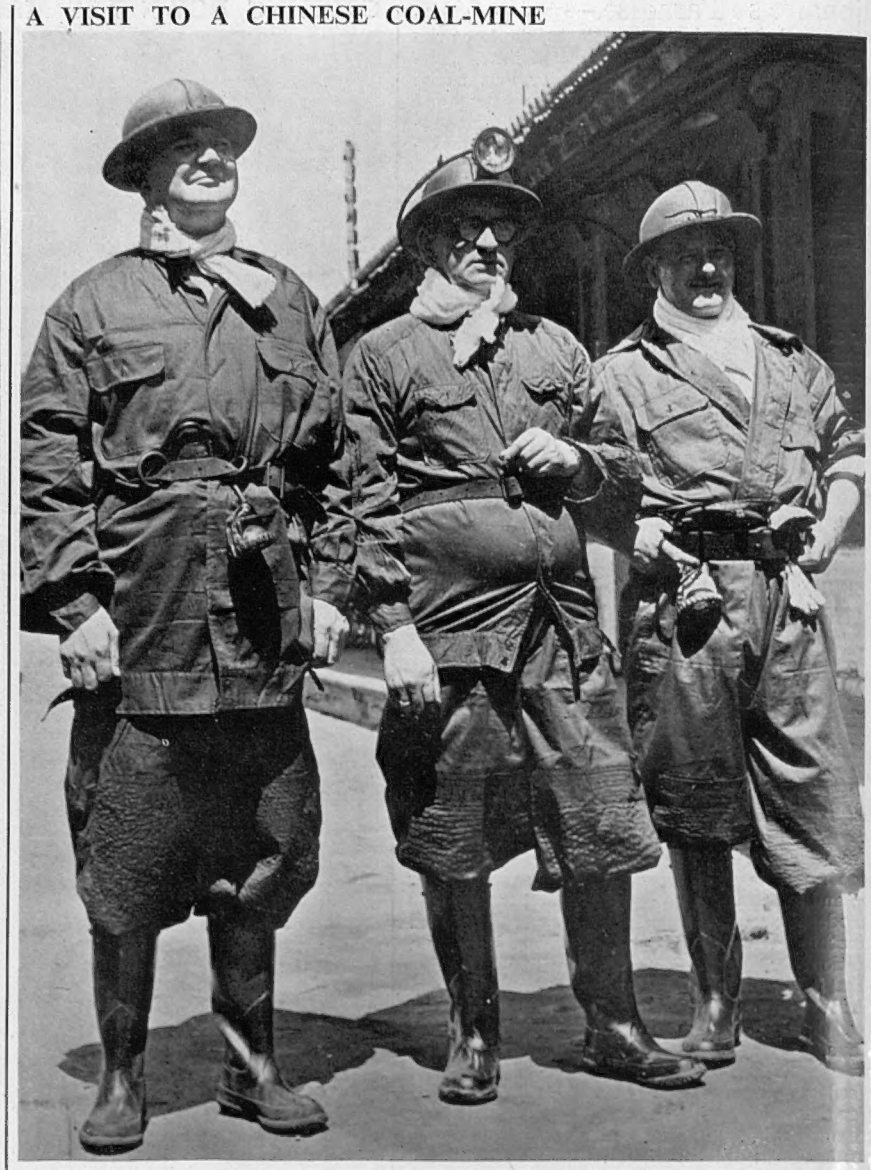
SOMETHING SMALL FROM MESSERSCHMITT

A GERMAN TWO-SEATER SEEN IN LONDON: The Messerschmitt Company have produced a novel two-seater cabin scooter, which is now being made in large numbers and is available in England for immediate delivery. The passenger rides behind the driver, and both have seats with full-size backs. A light hood allowing unlimited vision protects users from rain and dirt. The single-cylinder two-stroke engine and a spare tyre are situated at the rear. The vehicle cruises at 47 miles an hour and does more than 120 miles to the gallon. This slim three-wheeler, 4 feet high and wide, may be the business-man's answer to the present-day traffic and parking problems. Its cost is £336, including tax.

MILAN MOURNS ITS LATE CARDINAL

THE FUNERAL OF CARDINAL SCHUSTER, ARCHBISHOP OF MILAN: A view of the procession as it made its way to the Cathedral for the interment. Great crowds witnessed the procession and thousands of others filed past the catafalque during the lying-in-state. Cardinal Alfredo I. Schuster died in August at the age of seventy-four. He was ordained in 1904, and was made a Cardinal by Pope Pius XI at the time of his appointment to Milan. In addition to his many qualities as an ecclesiastic, he will be remembered for the part he played in the Second World War when he intervened to prevent bloodshed and destruction in Milan as the Allies advanced on the city.

A VISIT TO A CHINESE COAL-MINE

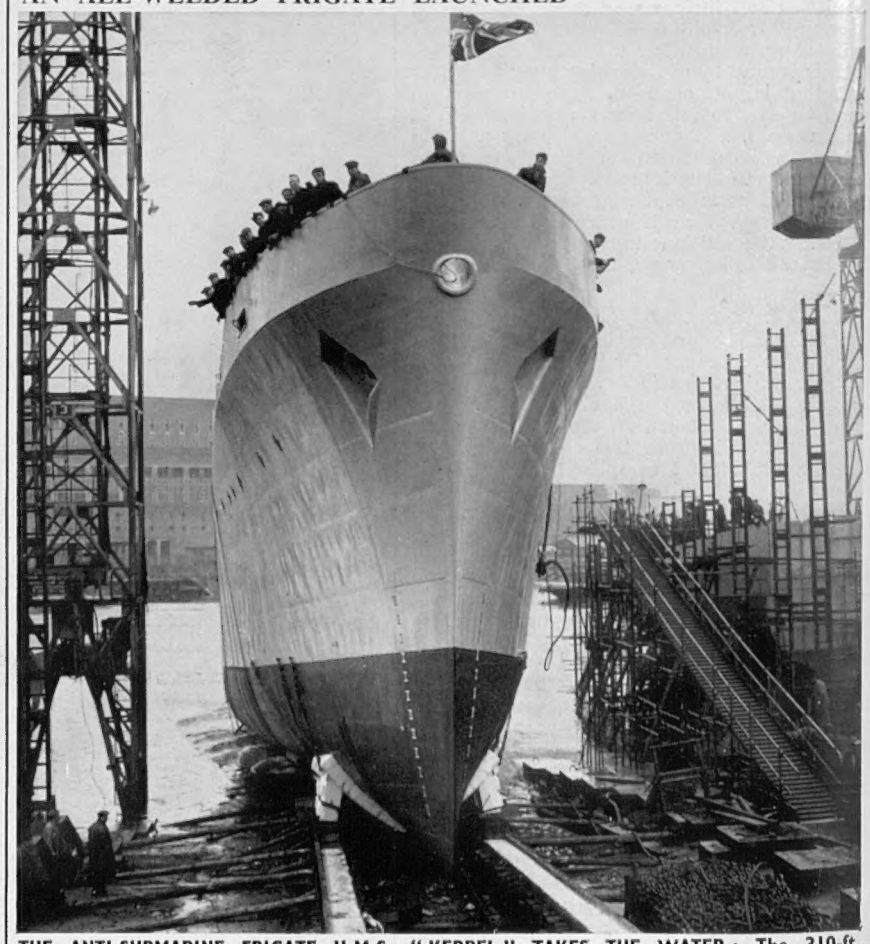


BRITISH VISITORS APPROPRIATELY DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION: Three members of the Labour Party delegation touring the Far East—Mr. Aneurin Bevan, M.P.; Mr. Morgan Phillips, General Secretary of the Labour Party, and Mr. Sam Watson, the Durham miners' leader, are seen before they descended to the coal-face of the Kailan coal-mine at Tongshan, which was once operated by the British. The clothing consists of knee-length boots, baggy trousers, long jackets and mufflers. For Mr. Bevan and Mr. Watson, both former miners, the visit must have had particular interest. The delegation visited Tongshan on its way back to Pekin after a short tour of industrial projects in Manchuria.

ANGLO-AMERICAN VINTAGE CAR RALLY

THE CARS LINE UP FOR THE START AT CASTLE ESPLANADE, EDINBURGH: The rally, comprising twenty cars, none of which is younger than twenty-five years, is being run over an 800-mile course, ending at Goodwood. In the foreground of this picture is a 1914 Stutz Bearcat. All the members of the American Vintage Car Club were invited earlier this year to apply for selection, and the team was chosen from more than eighty entries. The British team consists of members of the Vintage Sports-Car Club, and was selected to ensure that examples of the most famous British makes of car would be seen. Although the rally is not a race, an average speed of 25-35 m.p.h. has to be maintained. See also page 406.

AN ALL-WELDED FRIGATE LAUNCHED



THE ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATE H.M.S. "KEPPEL" TAKES THE WATER: The 310-ft. all-welded frigate seen sliding down the slipway after being named by Lady Madden, wife of Admiral Sir Alexander Madden, at Yarrow's shipbuilding yard, Scotstoun, Glasgow. She is one of a series being built for the Admiralty by Yarrow's, and is the second vessel of the type to be launched. *Keppel* is powered by geared steam turbines of advanced design, which have been constructed by the builders. Just before the naming a short service was conducted by Dr. Charles L. Warr, Minister of St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. *Keppel's* forerunner of the *Blackwood* class, at Yarrow's, is H.M.S. *Hardy*.

ROYAL OPENING OF THE SCOTTISH INDUSTRIES EXHIBITION

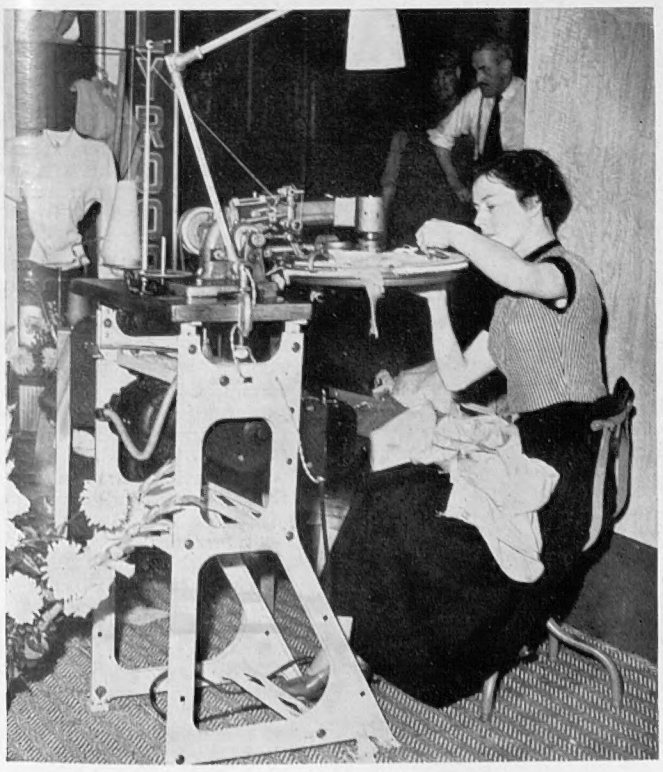
The Queen Mother was Enthusiastically welcomed to Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, where she saw a Record Display of Scottish Products

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER DECLARES THE EXHIBITION OPEN : The scene in the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, as Her Majesty welcomed all visitors to the 1954 Scottish Industries Exhibition. She received a great welcome from the crowds, both inside and outside the Hall. Her Majesty recalled that she opened the first exhibition five years ago, and stressed how it had grown. Over 300 firms from 100 different industries are represented this year. Among the visitors are many from overseas.

This year's Scottish Industries Exhibition is far larger in scope than the similar exhibition of 1949. Some 300 firms are displaying Scotland's industrial vigour over nearly two miles of stands in the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow. Besides the traditional crafts, heavy and light engineering, textiles, mining, locomotive and boiler-making, and whisky—Britain's largest single U.S. dollar-earning export—are some of the wide variety of exhibits. Many foreign firms, including twenty-two American companies, have established themselves to the north of the Border in recent years and employ over 60,000 Scottish workers. Four of them specialise in office equipment, supplying a large overseas market as well as home consumers. Electric shavers and alarm clocks are other Scottish industrial enterprises showing increasing sales. It will be surprising if the total of £10,000,000 spent by buyers in 1949 is not exceeded.

Glasgow gave an enthusiastic welcome to Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. At the end of the opening ceremony she was presented with a silver teapot and salver made by a local smith 200 years ago. Then she made a long tour round the Exhibition.

THE FIRST COMMERCIAL TYPEWRITER IS DEMONSTRATED : The Queen Mother talks with Miss Sadie Docherty, who was operating the Remington No. 1 Commercial typewriter, built in 1873. This was a "curio" in the modern office equipment section.



Above—

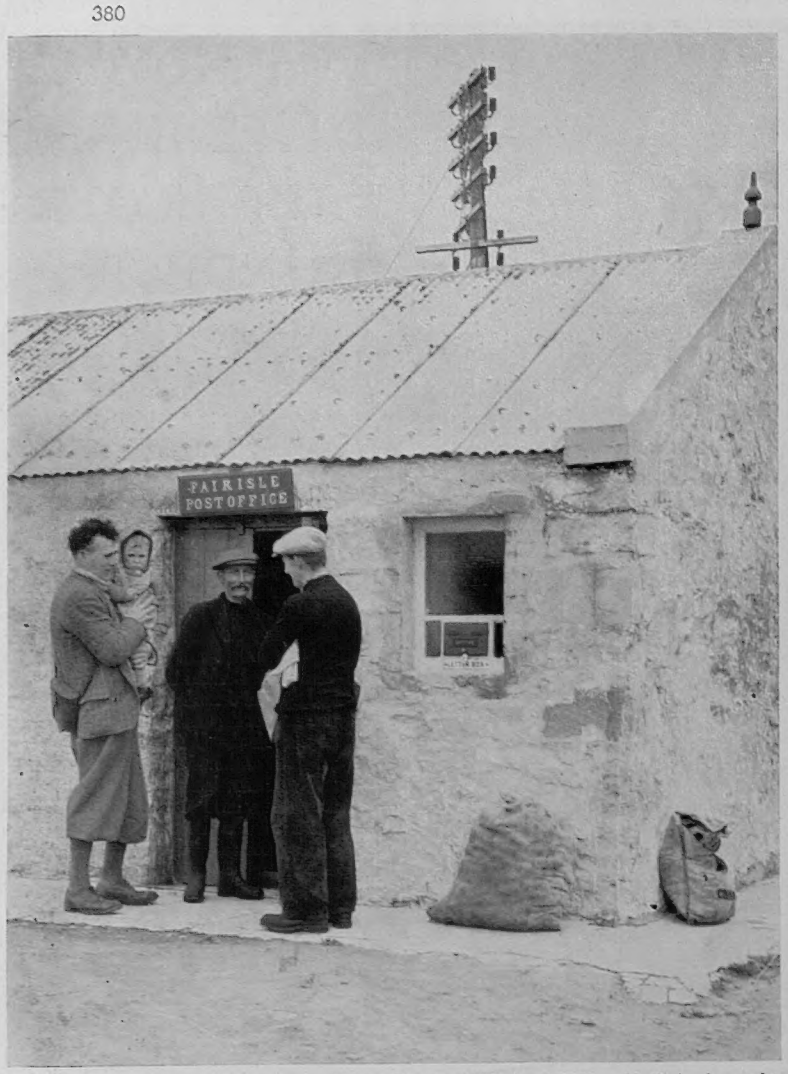
A TWO-MILE TOUR : Her Majesty toured two miles of stands. She saw products of Scottish engineering, shipbuilding, mining and manufacture, as well as many examples of the growing new industries.

On left—

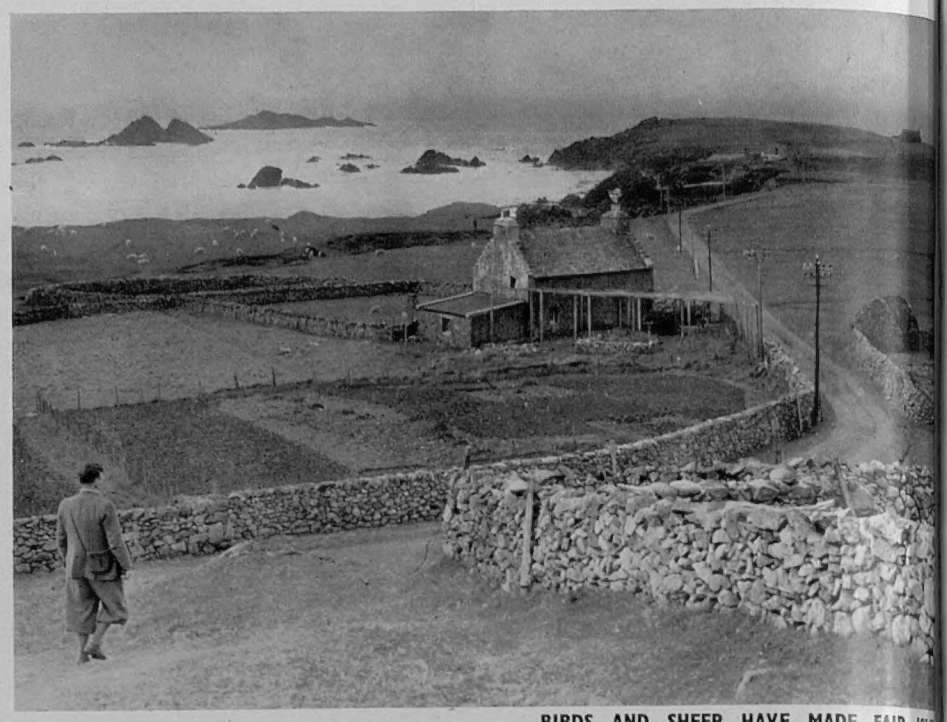
A MODERN KNITTING MACHINE : Miss Wells shows the latest way of putting the necks on jumpers. The woollen goods industry, one of the oldest in Scotland, is well represented.

On right—

THE QUEEN MOTHER WATCHES FASHIONS : On the Queen Mother's right are Mr. Norman Hartnell and the Earl of Airlie. On Her Majesty's left are Mr. Hugh Fraser and Lady Victoria Wemyss.



WHERE THE POST COMES AND GOES ONLY ONCE A WEEK: Mail is brought to the Fair Isle Post Office, seen here, once a week in a 40-ft. motor fishing boat—the *Good Shepherd*—from the Shetland mainland, providing the weather permits. Passengers and freight are carried in the same way. During the war an airstrip was maintained on the island.



BIRDS AND SHEEP HAVE MADE FAIR ISLE FAMOUS: In the centre against the cottage a Heligoland trap has been set up by the Observatory for catching birds. In the distance sheep are grazing on the largest smallholding in the island. The wool is used for the Fair Isle designs which are known all over the world.

On left—

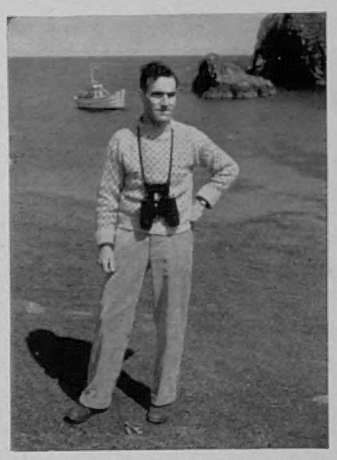
THE BIRDS ARE TRAPPED PAINLESSLY: Trapping is essential for the proper observation of birds, but all concerned with the Fair Isle Observatory emphasise that their methods cause absolutely no harm at all. The "dyke" trap seen here is used for catching migratory birds. The Observatory has contributed much new knowledge to ornithology.

FAIR ISLE FOR THE NATION

The National Trust for Scotland Buys the Scottish Island, Famous for its Bird Observatory and Woollen Designs

The acquisition by the National Trust for Scotland of Fair Isle, midway between the Orkneys and the Shetlands, gives great hopes that its already internationally known bird observatory may be developed to become the best of its kind in the world. The purchase has been made possible by a grant of £5,500 from the Dulverton Trust to the National Trust for Scotland. The Pilgrim Trust has given a donation of £7,000, part to go to the Bird Observatory Trust and part to the new Fair Isle Endowment Fund, to which it is hoped all those interested in ornithology and bird preservation will subscribe.

Fair Isle, three miles long by two miles wide, and with a population to-day of no more than forty-five, is famous throughout the world not only as a bird sanctuary, but also for the designs of the woollen jumpers and sweaters knitted for generations by its inhabitants. The bird observatory was established by the Scottish ornithologist, Mr. George Waterston, in 1948, who bought the island in that year. He had been greatly impressed by the bird life since he first visited there in his boyhood. During the war, when he was a prisoner of war in Germany, he planned his ambition of setting up a Fair Isle Observatory. On his return home he was able to achieve his purpose by buying the island. He raised the funds by means of a loan from a private benefactor. One of the terms of his transfer of ownership to the National Trust for Scotland is that this loan is repaid.



THE FOUNDER OF THE BIRD OBSERVATORY: Mr. George Waterston, an Edinburgh businessman and ornithologist, bought Fair Isle in 1948. He has now transferred it to the National Trust for Scotland.

TWO OF THE ISLAND'S ESSENTIAL SERVICES: The community's resident nurse is seen in the right foreground cycling away from the up-to-date lighthouse. Fair Isle has no resident doctor. Under the National Trust for Scotland it is hoped that an air ambulance service may be established. Improved amenities would attract more people to settle there.

In six years the Observatory, under its director, Mr. Kenneth Williamson, has made great strides, especially as a station for research into bird migration. Its findings regarding the effects of climate and weather upon migration are considered to be of the first importance by contemporary ornithologists. Virus diseases among sea-bird colonies and the comparative weights of birds have been studied and methods of trapping improved. All those concerned emphasise that their technique causes no harm at all to the birds. Besides ornithology, research has been done into many other sciences, including zoology, botany and algology (the study of seaweed and water plants). To the research hostel on the island have come students from European countries and from British public schools and universities. Priority is given at the hostel to naturalists.

The island will now be managed by Trustees. Their object will be to extend and develop the activities of the observatory. To do this, its finances are being placed on a firm footing. Much depends on the support given to the Fair Isle Endowment Fund. Any money subscribed will be held in perpetuity for the benefit of ornithology and bird preservation in the widest sense. It is hoped that Fair Isle will thus become as pre-eminent as a bird observatory as the German island of Heligoland was before the war under its director, Dr. Drost, and his colleagues.

Certainly Fair Isle has unique possibilities in this respect. Fifty years ago the ornithologist Dr. Eagle Clarke made the first observations of birds there. He noted that "each year added to the quota of important bird records and novelties," and forecast that Fair Isle could "become the most famous bird observatory in our islands." Up to date nearly 300 different species and sub-species of birds have been recorded on this small treeless island, that is, about three-quarters of the birds known to visit the British Isles. Among those recorded at the Fair Isle Observatory have been such rarities as scarlet grosbeaks, Greenland redpolls and yellow-browed, lanceolated and booted warblers, as well as eleven different species of buntings and many of the more common migrants.

But bird-watching is by no means the only occupation in Fair Isle. The new landlords, the National Trust for Scotland, will carry on Mr. Waterston's principle of doing everything possible to improve the amenities and welfare of the inhabitants, internationally known for their wool designs. Although the Islanders are few in number, they have a history dating back to the days of the Vikings and many of the crofters' customs are centuries-old. The Norsemen colonised the island over 1,000 years ago and continued to rule there until as late as 1460. Their influence remains in many local words. For instance, the "sixern," the small fishing-boat still used to-day, is in shape almost identical with the old Norwegian craft. The Norsemen first started look-out points on Fair Isle's two high peaks—Ward Hill and Malcolm's Head—and on the latter a radar station was set up during the last war. The Royal Navy's wartime station now houses the bird observatory.

In 1588, a great Spanish galleon, *El Gran Grifon*, under the command of Don Juan Gomez de Medina, was

THE OBSERVATORY HEADQUARTERS IN THE WARTIME NAVAL STATION: Its Director, Mr. Kenneth Williamson, lectures on its work to ornithological societies all over the world. He spends seven months a year on the island during the two migration periods and winters in Edinburgh to write up the results. In the background is Sheep Craig Rock. A score of sheep live from the excellent grazing on its summit. The islanders can reach them only twice a year by climbing up a rope.

THE ISLANDERS "SHARE" THEIR CHURCH: The sole place of worship in Fair Isle is shared by the different denominations for services at different times. The inhabitants are not poor, but most of them are elderly. There has been a critical decline in the population in recent years. Residents number forty-five, but visitors come from many countries.

A FAIR ISLE HOME: The crofters are a sturdy people, whose ancestors were Norsemen. In the past fishing was their chief occupation, but they were put out of business by competition from trawlers. To-day most are farmers.

THE MAIN ROAD THROUGH THE ISLAND: A cyclist pedals along the highway which runs for three miles—the total length of Fair Isle. The National Trust for Scotland plan to improve all the island's amenities, including better roads.

wrecked on the rugged coast after the rout of the Armada. It has sometimes been suggested that the original patterns and art of dyeing the soft Fair Isle hosiery were learnt from the Spanish survivors. However, it is more probable that these patterns derive from Eastern Europe or Scandinavia.

In the past fishing was the main livelihood of the islanders. But to-day they have been driven out of business by competition from trawlers. In consequence, agriculture has become a more important concern. The agricultural area, which is known as the "Inmark," is a small but fertile area at the south of the island which compares very favourably with most parts of the Shetlands. On the summit of Sheep Craig, a massive block of red sandstone rising sheer in the east, which was a breeding-ground for sea eagles in bygone days, about a score of Shetland sheep can be seen grazing. The islanders visit them twice a year, rowing in their small skiffs to a point from which they can scale the almost perpendicular cliff by a chain suspended from the top. The lambs are then lowered to the boats by ropes. But this is a hazardous undertaking only possible in fine weather.

There have been many changes in Fair Isle in the past century. But the islanders still use heavy oxen for carting and ploughing. Shetland ponies used to be bred. They may even have been employed in the times of the Norsemen, for the name of one of the island's features, "Hesti Gio," means "Horses' Gully." At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were 80 head of cattle and 70 Shetland horses. Sheep, the mainstay of the woollen industry, numbered about 400. The wool was carded, spun and knitted into garments and bartered with passing ships. Nowadays all the wool is sent off the island to be spun, but the women still dye the yarn with their own vegetable dyes and knit by hand their world-famous designs. Until the First World War corn was ground in little "clack" mills operated by a water-wheel.

The crofters are a hardy people. But the population is rapidly declining. In 1865 the inhabitants numbered 300. To-day there are only forty-five permanent residents, and most of these are elderly. The islanders are not badly off economically, but the isolation and lack of amenities and outside interests do not attract younger settlers. There is only one ship a week to the mainland of Shetland—and even the regularity of that depends on the weather. Mails, freight and passengers are carried in a 40-ft. fishing-boat. During the war an airstrip was constructed and its maintenance would be a great boon to the islanders. They have no doctor, although there is a resident nurse.

Under the National Trust for Scotland it is hoped that Fair Isle will not only develop its reputation as a bird observatory, but also that the improvement in amenities started by Mr. Waterston will arrest the decline in the population, and that the island will once more be a thriving community.

RESCUE SCENES AT SHANNON

After 3½ hours Rescuers Reach the Air Liner Stranded on a Sandbank in the Shannon Estuary

HELPING SURVIVORS OF THE SUPER-CONSTELLATION CRASH ASHORE AT SHANNON, IN IRELAND : Mr. F. Tebrouwer, a director of a Rotterdam company, is seen being helped from a dinghy after spending over three-and-a-half hours on the mud-flats after the crash. The depth of the mud can be seen.

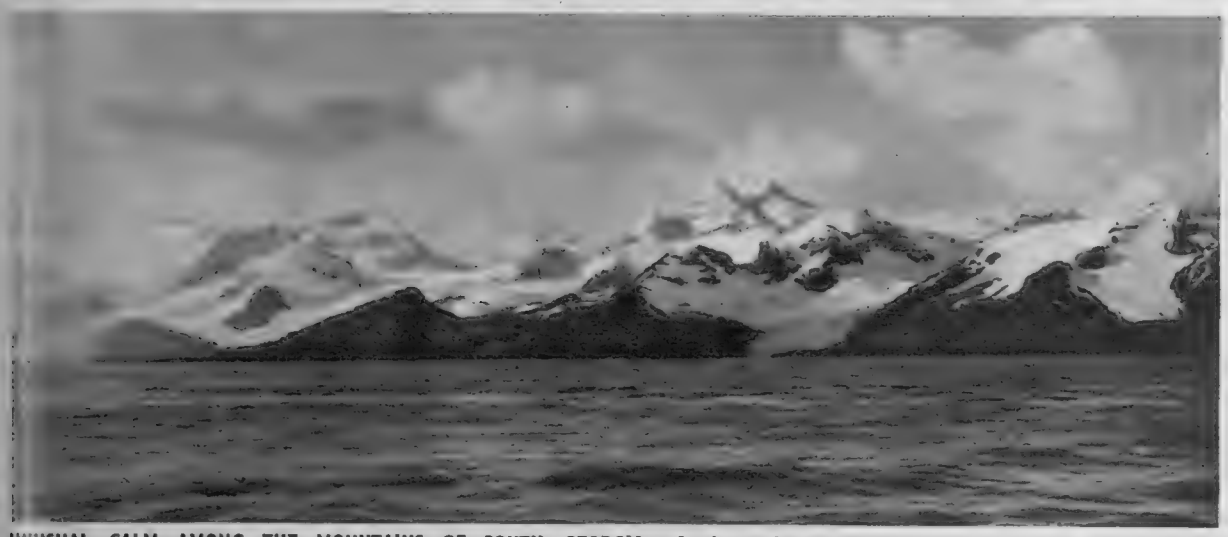
THE CAPTAIN OF THE AIRCRAFT SEEN AFTER HELP HAD ARRIVED : Captain Viruly is on the left, sitting among reeds on the bank of the River Shannon. He was Commodore of the K.L.M. line, and had flown 2,000,000 miles without accident. He and his crew helped until exhausted.

THE MARSHY WASTES OF THE SHANNON ESTUARY : The *Triton* is seen partially submerged by the tide, resting on the sandbank on which she crashed. Stretching towards the top of the picture are the mud-flats which had to be crossed by the survivors. The bank of the river is right at the top of the picture. Had help arrived earlier, no doubt many more lives would have been saved. The darkness added to the difficulties of pulling the passengers from the cabin, away from the noxious petrol fumes. A hole which appeared in the roof at the time of the crash let in some fresh air.

On left—

IRISH FIREMEN TOWING SURVIVORS IN A DINGHY ALONG A CREEK IN THE MUD FLATS : All the bodies of the passengers and stewards who died in the cabin were later recovered by rescue launches and an inquest was held. General I. A. Aler, the President of K.L.M., who happened to be staying in Dublin at the time of the crash, flew to the scene immediately. At a Press Conference held soon after the disaster, he said that it was his impression that the airport authorities did not realise that there had been a crash for some time. The take-off, he said, was normal.

LEITH HARBOUR, THE MAIN WHALING STATION IN THE ANTARCTIC ISLAND OF SOUTH GEORGIA: The four members of the 1953-54 Survey Expedition arrived there last October and spent seven months mapping this hitherto largely uncharted island. South Georgia was discovered by Captain Cook in 1775. It has often been used as a "staging-point" by Antarctic explorers, but only in recent years has it been systematically mapped.



UNUSUAL CALM AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF SOUTH GEORGIA: A view taken from the islet of Annenkov, from which the surveyors brought back geological specimens and fossils. Normal climate is blizzard or mist.

SURVEYING SOUTH GEORGIA

The 1953-54 British Survey Expedition Spent Seven Months in this Little-known Island on the Edge of the Antarctic. Under Tough Physical Conditions, they Mapped Large Areas for the First Time

THE GAOL AT KING EDWARD POINT WAS THE EXPEDITION'S BASE: Crime is so rare among the island's 360 inhabitants that the community's lock-up has been regularly used by explorers as their headquarters for some years.

FOOTBALL IS A TRADITION IN SOUTH GEORGIA'S "MIDSUMMER" CHRISTMAS: Here the Leith XI is seen playing another of the island's whaling stations, Grytviken. Since some of the inhabitants are of Scottish descent, Hogmanay is also an important festival.

ONE of the southernmost territories of the British Commonwealth—the island of South Georgia, on the edge of the Antarctic—is gradually being "put on the map." As a result of the work of the British Survey Expedition from October 1953 to April 1954, about two-thirds of this hitherto little-known island has now been charted.

The 1953–54 Expedition was the second survey party to go to South Georgia, the first having begun mapping in 1951–52.

In spite of the fact that the island is only now being surveyed, South Georgia, nevertheless, has been a British possession for close on 180 years. In January 1775, Captain James Cook made the first landing there. To the accompaniment of a salute from muskets, he took possession of the island in the King's name. He did not consider he was adding much of value to the British Empire. He described the country as "horrible," "savage," "covered with everlasting snow," and devoid of vegetation.

It is true that at first sight there is little to attract in this narrow island, 120 miles in length but never more than 20 miles wide. Its main features are high mountains, often covered with deep snow, and valleys filled with glaciers frequently descending to the sea. Along the coastal fringe, which is free from snow in summer, there is a certain amount of "tussac" grass. Hundred-mile-an-hour blizzards may be succeeded by long periods of dense mist.

However, this forbidding aspect did not repel the adventurous. Throughout the nineteenth century, British and American sealers hunted there to such purpose that they almost exterminated the native seals. To-day sealing is controlled. Only a limited number of seals can be killed each season. Whalers established themselves early in this century, the two leading whaling stations now being those of the South Georgia Whaling Company and the Tonsbergs Hvalfangeri.

Successive Antarctic expeditions have used South Georgia as a "staging-point" on their way south. Here the famous polar explorer Sir Ernest Shackleton was buried when he died suddenly in January 1922, at the start of his last expedition. A rough granite headstone marks his grave on the south-west of the island.

(Continued on following pages)

SURVEYING SOUTH GEORGIA *(Cont.)*

THREE OF THE SURVEYORS: Mr. Duncan Carse (leader of the expedition), Mr. G. Smillie (surveyor), Dr. A. Trendall (geologist) on board the supply ship, *Paul*, in Ample Bay. Below the peaks in the background are glaciers in which blizzards and fogs added to the difficulties of mapping.

AN ELEPHANT BULL SEAL GREETS MR. SMILLIE: Seals have been one of South Georgia's chief sources of wealth for nearly 200 years. In recent years seal-hunting has been controlled to avoid exterminating the species.

THE END OF A FORTY-DAYS JOURNEY: Drygalski Fjord, seen here, runs down from the Salvesen range to Larsen Bay, in the southern tip of the island. Three members of the expedition surveyed the northern side of the mountains in January and February of this year. They charted ice cataracts dropping 6,000 feet to sea-level. Besides mapping, they collected geological specimens from hitherto unexplored regions.

BIRD-LIFE ABOUNDS IN SOUTH GEORGIA: Two unusual pictures (*above* and *below*) of Wandering Albatrosses alighting and taking off from their nests. The albatross is one of the most common birds of the Southern Seas. Its long, strong wings, which will be noted in the pictures, give it great power of flight. Albatrosses have been known to fly hundreds of miles in a day.

ANOTHER BIRD INHABITANT OF SOUTH GEORGIA IS THE GENTOO: Here a female of this species of penguin guards her newly-hatched chick, which is only a few minutes old, and waits for her mate to bring food.

(*Continued from previous page*)

South Georgia is part of the Falkland Island Dependencies and has an estimated population of 360, including five women and some children. The main community is at King Edward Point. Here are the Customs and Postal Services, meteorological and wireless stations, the offices of the administrative officer and the headquarters of the police. But until now there has been little accurate knowledge about the interior of the island or the long uninhabited stretches of the coastline.

The current series of surveys is being sponsored by the Everest Trust and the Royal Geographical Society. Financial assistance has been given from the revenue of the Falkland Dependencies.

The 1953-54 mapping expedition consisted of four men: Mr. Duncan Carse (leader), Dr. K. Warburton (doctor and mountaineer), Dr. A. Trendall (geologist), and Mr. G. Smillie (surveyor). They left Glasgow on August 29 last year and arrived in South Georgia on October 10.

They planned their survey programme in three stages, each covering a separate unmapped area. Unfortunately Dr. Warburton had to remain at their base owing to ill-health, and was eventually invalided home. So the exploration devolved on the three other members of the expedition.

The first survey, into the mountainous north, took fifty days. The party had to cope with the toughest natural hazards, including ice, snow and unexpected bad weather. Sometimes the ice on the glaciers was too steep for sledging. Gear weighing 800 lb. had to be unpacked and carried in loads of 50 or 60 lb. by back over constantly repeated journeys. Sledges had to be pulley-hauled up icy precipices. Rations were often short. But the task was accomplished.

After a break for the "mid-summer" Christmas, the celebration of which in South Georgia includes, by tradition, a football match and an athletics meeting, the surveyors set out on their second stage—to the south. Glaciers were surmounted rising to nearly 2,000 ft. in two miles. Besides mapping the area to the north and west of the Salvesen Mountains and naming prominent features, much geographical information was collected by Dr. Trendall. The expedition also became familiar with the bird-life on the island, noting, in particular, the ferocity of the Antarctic Skuas during the breeding season. This stage of the survey took forty-five days.

The last stage was undertaken by Mr. Carse and Dr. Trendall. Mr. Smillie, the surveyor, unfortunately had to return home for urgent personal reasons in February. They concerned themselves with Annenkov Island, a small island off the south coast, and Cape

THE NEW SURVEY PARTY MAKES READY: The 1954-55 South Georgia expedition before leaving Glasgow last month. (L. to r.) R. A. Brown, of Rotherham, the geologist; E. Clive Webb, from Birmingham, and H. Pretty, the surveyors.

MAPPING AMID SNOW AND ICE: G. Smillie, the surveyor, and Dr. A. Trendall, the geologist, on Penck Glacier at a height of 2,000 ft. They made a survey journey of fifty days in this hitherto unmapped region of South Georgia. On some occasions the going proved too steep and frozen for the sledges. Supplies, equipment and gear had to be unpacked and man-handled over the moraine and up precipices. The empty sledges were pulley-hauled after them. But in spite of these great natural hazards, the expedition achieved its objectives. Now two-thirds of South Georgia has been mapped. The sledge seen here is Nansen-type, built of ash and modified for man-hauling, with plastic runners. Rations carried gave about 4,000 calories a day.

THE FIRST STAGE OF THE SURVEY: The sealer *Albatross* leaving King Edward's Point and carrying the leader of the expedition, Mr. Carse, on his first general reconnaissance. The sheathbills in the foreground are some of the many species of birds on South Georgia which were studied by the surveyors on their journeys.

A FUR SEAL PUP PLAYS BY SLEEPING ELEPHANT-SEALS: Sealing and whaling are the chief livelihood of South Georgia's 360 inhabitants. The elephant-seal, or "sea-elephant," is one of the largest species, providing valuable blubber and skin for the world's fur markets.

KING PENGUINS FROLIC IN THE SURF OF THE BAY OF ISLES: A typically Antarctic scene with which the Survey party soon became familiar. Penguins are confined exclusively to the Antarctic and southern temperate regions. Their physical structure, especially their flattened wings, makes them excellent swimmers and divers, although they cannot fly. Highly gregarious and congregating in playful groups, they are often regarded as comic figures of fun. But a penguin disturbed can be very ferocious and inflict severe wounds.

Charlotte, the southern peninsula of South Georgia. One of the purposes of the visit to Annenkov was to collect fossils. The weather, for the only time during the expedition, favoured them, and they made the most of an unprecedented spell of calm on Annenkov Island. But when they came to Cape Charlotte the opposite was the case. They endured appalling conditions, in which rain, sleet and tempest alternated with fog and low cloud. Throughout one night they had to dig drainage channels with snow shovels and bale out their tent with cooking tins.

Mr. Carse and Dr. Trendall returned to their base in April this year and sailed for home in the middle of that month.

The 1953-54 survey did not have the best of luck. The weather was often unexpectedly bad. Poor visibility and unsledgeable country added to the difficulties of mapping. Nor, owing to unforeseen circumstances, could the expedition employ its full strength. Yet despite these setbacks, the objective of the survey was achieved in its seven-months stay.

About 60 per cent. of South Georgia Island has now been mapped. It is hoped that the remainder will be surveyed by the 1954-55 expedition, which sailed from Glasgow last month.

This new party is five in number. Mr. George Sutton (leader), Mr. Harry Pretty (surveyor), Mr. Richard Brown (geologist), Mr. E. Clive Webb (assistant surveyor) and Dr. Ian Brooker (medical officer). All are experienced mountaineers. Dr. Brooker is a member of the Cairngorm Club of Aberdeen, the other four of the Oread Mountaineering Club of the Midlands.

They plan to set up their base camp near the grave of Sir Ernest Shackleton.

FEEDING-TIME IN DORSET

The Swannery at Abbotsbury

RINGING-TIME IN THE FORTH

Gannets Forgather on Bass Rock

On right—

A "FAMILY" OF A THOUSAND SWANS : Almost lost in the centre of his "family" of 1,000 white swans at feeding-time, is Fred Lexster, chief swanherd at the Swannery in Lord Ilchester's grounds at Abbotsbury, Dorset. Lexster's family have been swan-keepers for many years. Lord Ilchester's Swannery goes back at least to the reign of the first Elizabeth, when John Strangeways held of the Queen in chief "the site of the monastry, view of frankpledge and courts leet in Abbotsbury, the flight of swans, etc., breeding etc., in the æstuary of water called West Flete, in Abbotsbury." There are many creeks, and the keepers have several special sections for the swans, including "nurseries." Close by is the Decoy into which wild fowl are enticed by tame ducks reared and trained for this purpose. The Decoy consists of two pipes cunningly netted and screened, and large numbers of wild duck are captured in this way.

RINGING GANNETS ON THE BASS ROCK, ONE MILE OUT IN THE FIRTH OF FORTH : An adult gannet protests loudly as its youngster receives attention. Gannets, if unmolested, are not dangerous birds, since the snapping bill and guttural cries of alarm are no more than display; but if frequently disturbed they can be dangerous, and should always be treated as such in the first instance. Crammed almost beak to beak, these large crash-divers of the sea are reluctant to fly away from their young, so the job of visiting ornithologists to ring them is comparatively easy. The nesting of the gannet is a prolonged affair continuing into September, but it is mid-October before the birds leave the rock. Analysis of ringing results generally proves that the gannets are more given to wandering during the first year of their lives than later; birds ringed in summer on the Bass Rock have been recovered from the coast of Spain, the Netherlands, and in Norwegian waters. Numbers of gannets nesting on the Bass Rock at the present time are estimated at over 4,000 breeding pairs; and of a world population, thought to be 167,000 breeding pairs. Scotland is said to have more than 100,000 pairs. The biggest colony south of the border is at Grassholm, in Pembrokeshire, with some 6,000 nests.

A LESSON FOR A YOUNG ORNITHOLOGIST : A ring for a young gannet has to be put on carefully, and this ornithologist is showing how it should be done. The gannet's plumage is white, with a few black feathers on the wings, and a yellowish tinge on the head.

THE SHEER FACE OF BASS ROCK : Sailing beneath the bird-lined cliffs, visiting ornithologists make for the rocky landing-stage to count and ring the gannets.

On left—

THE GANNET AND ITS YOUNG : Only one egg is laid by the female, but that is so closely guarded that sometimes the bird will rather let itself be touched than leave the nest. The gannet feeds on small fish, such as herrings and pilchards, and dives at its prey at incredible speed, and from a great height.

A STATUE OF CHRIST UNDER THE SEA

Dedicated in Italian Waters, near Portofino, it is Believed to be Unique in the World

"CHRIST OF THE DEEP," A GIGANTIC STATUE FOR THE PROTECTION OF SAILORS, IS DEDICATED IN THE ITALIAN RIVIERA BAY OF SAN FRUTTUOSO: Surrounded by prominent personalities and a naval guard of honour, the parish priest blesses this unique monument. Strong undercurrents prevented the bronze being submerged for a few days.

THE STATUE IS LOWERED IN THE WATERS: This bronze figure of Christ with His arms outstretched is 8 ft. high and weighs more than 80 tons with its concrete base. It is by Guido Galletti.

The unique giant bronze statue lies underwater in the bay of the fishing village of San Fruttuoso, near Portofino, on the Italian Riviera. It is to be known as "Christ of the Deep." The 8-ft.-high figure stands looking upwards with arms outstretched on a massive base of concrete. It serves as a guardian for all who have to do with the sea and all those who have died at sea. Mass was celebrated at the dedication and blessing ceremony. Hundreds watched from the shore and on the sea. Below the waters of the bay divers and underwater fishermen knelt in prayer while the statue was lowered to the ocean bed. When the statue reached its base, an Italian destroyer and two minesweepers sounded their sirens. The bronze could be seen clearly standing on the sea-bed.

HUNDREDS LOOKED ON FROM BOATS AND FROM THE SHORE: Under the sea, 60 ft. down, divers and underwater fishermen knelt while the statue was submerged. On a clear day the bronze can be seen beneath the waters.

On right—

A DIVER PAYS HIS TRIBUTE BELOW WATER: 60 ft. down he places a wreath on the statue, which has reached its base. Besides protecting those who voyage on the oceans, "Christ of the Deep" is a memorial to all who have died at sea.

"CHRIST OF THE DEEP" RESTS ON THE SEA-BED: This unique statue stands surrounded by garlands in the emerald waters of the bay of San Fruttuoso.

FROM FOUR CONTINENTS

A Survey of the Foreign News in Pictures

AN ENTIRE VILLAGE IS EVACUATED IN WEST GERMANY : The 220 inhabitants of Schulenberg, in the Oker Valley south of Brunswick and near the border of the British and Soviet Zones, have been moved en masse to new homes. Their village is scheduled to become part of the new Oker Valley water reservoir. A new village of Neu-Schulenberg has been built for them on the hills above the valley. The villagers are here seen, headed by their band, marching out after taking farewell of their old homes. The move took many months to prepare.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE : An artificial lake will cover the valley in which these trim German homes stand empty. A few stragglers remained to take a lingering farewell after the main party had left.

A BLOOD-OFFERING FOR CYPRUS : Twenty officers of the Greek Reserve Army parade through the streets of Athens with two phials of their blood as an expression of their readiness to die for the union of Cyprus with Greece, should the need arise. They had marched nearly 200 miles through the Peloponnese. One phial was handed to the Archbishop of Athens to be despatched to the leader of the Enosis movement in Cyprus, Archbishop Makarios. It was planned to give the other to Sir Charles Peake, the British Ambassador, for delivery to Sir Winston Churchill.

THROUGH AFRICA BY CAR FROM OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE : Parties of undergraduates from Oxford and Cambridge have just completed a journey from London to Capetown in two cars. The Oxford team, which was the first to arrive, are here seen standing in front of their car in Capetown. From left to right, they are, D. Calman, D. Piggot, and R. Charlton. Both parties are members of their University Exploration Clubs. They followed the same itinerary from Britain, their purpose being to explore the route generally. Leaving London on June 15, they drove through France to Marseilles, and went along the North African coast to the Nile Valley. They motored down Africa through Ethiopia, where the going was difficult, Kenya and Rhodesia. They plan to return to England in their Land-Rovers by way of Equatorial Africa and the Sahara.

FLOODS CAUSED BRIDGES TO COLLAPSE IN TWO HEMISPHERES : *On left*—The wreckage of the partly-completed 55-ft. span of the Kaiser Wilhelm Bridge over the Mosel River, near Trier, in Germany. Seven workers were injured when flood-waters swept away the construction which was part of the project to widen the bridge. *On right*—The collapsed structure of the new bridge at Edmonton, Canada, which is being built across the North Saskatchewan River. Floods had weakened two of the arches. The bridge of seven arches is costing over 2,000,000 dollars (£715,000), and damage to the concrete construction is estimated at over another 1,000,000 dollars.

PROPAGANDA FROM THE AIR OVER MALAYA : A Valetta aircraft from No. 48 Squadron, R.A.F., dropping leaflets over Communist hide-outs in Kedah, Malaya. The leaflets told of the Indo-China peace and called on Communists to surrender. No. 48 Squadron, which is stationed at Kuala Lumpur, took part in the three-weeks anti-Communist propaganda campaign which has just been completed by the R.A.F. in Malaya.

"VOICE" APPEALS FROM THE AIR : This Auster broadcast through loud-speakers on the wings to the Communists below. The pilot is Sergeant B. C. Knott, of Banstead, Surrey, and the wireless operator behind him is Corporal A. Creighton, of Blythe Street, Belfast.

MASS IS CELEBRATED AT THE SCENE OF A FRENCH AIR DISASTER : A priest officiates at a memorial service below the 10,000-ft. peak of Mont Cemet, high up in the French Alps, near Barcelonnette, at the spot where an Air France Constellation airliner crashed on September 1, last year. The thirty-three passengers and the crew of nine lost their lives. Among the victims were the famous French violinist, Jacques Thibaud, and his accompanist, M. Renée Herbin. The airliner was on its way from Paris to Saigon, where M. Thibaud was to have given a recital to French troops. After the Mass, a Calvary was erected to the memory of the victims.

CLIMBING 10,000 FT. FOR THE MEMORIAL SERVICE : Carrying the cross before which the Mass was celebrated, relatives of the air-crash victims and members of last year's rescue party reach the point 500 ft. below the 10,000-ft. peak of Mont Cemet where the Constellation crashed. The disaster occurred at night. When the aircraft hit the side of the mountain it burst into flames, which were seen for miles around. M. Thibaud was the second famous French violinist to die in an air crash. Ginette Neveu was killed in the Azores in 1949.

MORE FRENCH UNION SOLDIERS REGAIN THEIR FREEDOM : A party of 500 released prisoners of war arrive at Lanessan Hospital, Hanoi. They had been freed under the exchange agreement with Viet-minh at Vietri exchange point, 40 miles away. All of this party were either French North African troops or German members of the French Foreign Legion. They were greeted at the hospital by Brigadier Jon Masson, the Deputy-Commander of the French Union Forces in Indo-China. According to the terms of the Armistice Commission, all prisoners are to be exchanged and none left on either side. But so far the French have returned more Viet-minh troops than they have received back of their own men.

A LONGER VIEW OF A FAMOUS NEW YORK MONUMENT : The monument to Christopher Columbus on Columbus Circle can now be seen from a distance, blocks of buildings which formerly obstructed the view having been demolished. However, the relief is only temporary. On this site New York City Colosseum—a vast new convention hall—is to be erected. In the foreground heavy equipment can be seen preparing the ground.

A LITTLE-KNOWN ROMAN PASSAGE-WAY

It was Built Hundreds of Years Ago to Link the Vatican with the Castel Sant' Angelo

THE COVERED PASSAGE-WAY BETWEEN THE VATICAN AND CASTEL SANT' ANGELO: Built before the thirteenth century, it was restored by Pope Alexander VI in the fifteenth century, and used by many of his successors.

More than 1,200 years ago, when the Vatican was only a collection of houses around the ancient Church of St. Peter, the Pope of the day decided to build himself a summer residence. His choice fell upon the area of Hadrian's tomb (the original name for Castel Sant' Angelo), situated about a mile from St. Peter's across marshland, and near the River Tiber. Thus the Castle was built first as a residence where the Pontiffs could relax after their duties. Later, a 20-ft.-high wall was constructed and a passage-way built on top, to allow the Pope and his entourage to reach the residence without having to take boats across the marshes. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and particularly under Pope Alexander VI, the Pontiffs found it convenient to turn the Castle into a fortress, where they found refuge and protection from the not infrequent popular uprisings. Guards were posted along the wall, and one section, which traversed a village which had been set up on the marshes, was even enclosed, in order to give greater safety to the important personages who traversed the passage. To-day, tourists are not encouraged to visit this remnant of the Papal past. Most of them take it for part of the ancient wall of Rome.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE LITTLE-KNOWN PASSAGE-WAY IN ROME: From the top of St. Angelo, tourists look across the passage-way built on top of the wall, as it leads across the now empty moat, into the Vatican itself. In former days the Popes used the passage-way when going from the Vatican to their summer residence in the fortified fortress.

A VATICAN EMPLOYEE WALKS ALONG THE ANCIENT RAMPART: Guards were originally posted along the passage-way to prevent "undesirables" from scaling the wall. The buildings on the left stand on what was once marshland; on the right is part of the Borgo quarter of the Vatican.

On right—

THE WALL, AS IT APPROACHES THE CASTLE: It will be noticed that the passage-way is not in good repair; this is in contrast to the Castle.

LEADING THROUGH THE BORGO QUARTER OF THE VATICAN: The newspaper stand is below the part where the covered section begins. At one time there was only water and marshland along the wall's base.

A NEWLY-CONQUERED MAJESTIC PEAK IN THE HIMALAYA: K2, the second highest mountain in the world, which was climbed in July by an Italo-Pakistani expedition led by Professor Ardito Desio. The expedition was one of many to the Himalaya this year, and the results of some of them are discussed in the accompanying article by Hugh Merrick. This picture of the newly-climbed K2 was taken by Major Kenneth Mason, in 1926, at a distance of approximately 25 miles from the Tatar-La.—*Reproduced by courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society.*

THE LEADER OF THE VICTORIOUS K2 TEAM: Professor Ardito Desio, who led the joint Italian Alpine Club and Pakistan Expedition; and (*below*) Achille Compagnoni, one of the two members of the team, who is believed to have reached the summit of K2.

1954 IN THE HIMALAYA

A Survey of this Year's International Expeditions

By HUGH MERRICK

With Drawings by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

THE SCENE OF THIS YEAR'S EXPEDITIONS IN THE HIMALAYA AND KARAKORUM RANGES: This sketch-map shows the areas covered by various international expeditions which this year launched attacks on at least eight major peaks, up and down the 1,800 miles of the great mountain tract from Sikkim to the Karakorum.

THE year 1954 has witnessed far greater activity in the Himalaya than any previous season. Attacks have been launched on at least eight major peaks, up and down the 1,800 miles of the great mountain tract from Sikkim to the Karakorum.

The great year which brought success on Everest and Nanga Parbat has so far brought in its train a season of mixed successes and failures, darkened by minor accidents, fortunate escapes and serious tragedies. Against these are to be set the outstanding Italian triumph on K2 (28,250 ft.), though the world's second-highest mountain was unfortunately not climbed without loss of life; the scaling of Baruntse (23,700 ft.) and a number of lesser peaks by members of Hillary's New Zealand expedition; and a Pyrrhic victory by another Italian party on Api (23,400 ft.).

Writing in the spring, I suggested that Professor Ardito Desio's Italian Alpine Club Expedition stood a good chance of success on K2. As Everest and Nanga Parbat were climbed by routes which had been reconnoitred and pushed forward to within striking distance of the summit by earlier expeditions, so K2 was won by a strong and well-equipped party climbing in the well-trodden steps of those who had gone before, over many years.

After the nineteenth-century opening-up of the Baltoro region by Godwen Austen and Conway, it was the Italian expeditions of the Dukes of the Abruzzi (1909) and Spoleto (Savoia-Aosta) (1929) which established the only feasible approach route on to the one ridge by which this fearsome mountain could be climbed. Later, in 1938, 1939 and 1953, the Americans mastered the immense difficulties of the gigantic ridge itself, pushing the rope home to close under the summit pyramid before being forced, for a variety of reasons, not always due entirely to the cruelty of the weather, to withdraw, safely on the first occasion and most disastrously on the others.

This year, the weather was so bad during the early weeks that, after one member had died of pneumonia in camp at 19,000 ft., several porters had been sent down to base camp to recover from exposure, and the rest had deserted *en masse*, abandoning the climbers in their high camps, the attempt was on the point of being given up. Moreover, when the assault was eventually renewed, conditions only relented at the very last moment, the climbers being pinned precariously in ice camps above 26,000 ft. by a series of blizzards, till at last an improvement allowed them to reach the summit on July 23, after four months of desperate siege.

While sympathy must go out to the Americans, who contributed so much—as did the gallant Swiss on Everest—when failing so narrowly in their magnificent attempts, it is perhaps only fitting that an Italian success should crown the great exploratory expeditions which years ago opened the way and gave a name to

(Continued on following page)

1954 IN THE HIMALAYA: A Survey of this Year's Expeditions

(*Continued from previous page*)

the Abruzzi Rib, the formidable staircase by which alone it is possible to bring laden Sherpas on to the South-East Ridge. Fitting, too, is the fact that the leadership was in the experienced hands of fifty-seven-year-old Professor Desio, whose work as scientist and cartographer to the 1929 Savoia-Aosta Expedition commanded much admiration at the time. The two frost-bitten men who reached the summit of K2 are thought to be Signor Compagnoni and Signor Lacedelli.

The lesson of K2 is that of Everest and Nanga Parbat repeated. Even the world's highest and most forbidding peaks in the devitalising atmosphere above 26,000 ft. can be scaled by resolute, technically skilful and properly-equipped men, under good leadership and organisation; but they are invariably won by climbing "on the shoulders" of those who have blazed the trail. There is a profound truth in Hunt's telegram replying to the congratulations of the Swiss on the Everest triumph: "to you goes a great share of the glory."

Kangchenjunga, the world's third-highest peak, only 100 ft. lower than K2, survives as the highest peak unconquered. This vast star-shaped mountain mass, with its five summits and a like number of appalling rock-ridges, each some miles in length, their approaches wickedly ice-armoured with avalanche terraces, is still far from bowing its proud head, which presents such a glorious spectacle from Darjeeling.

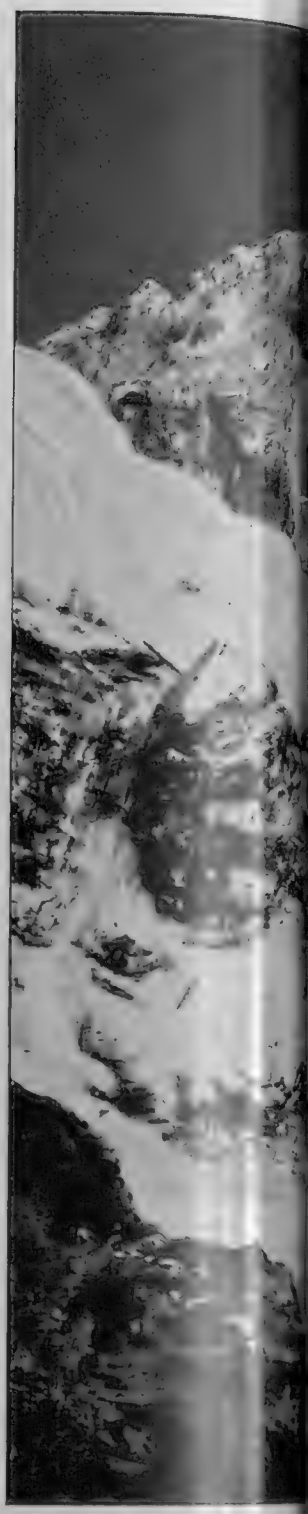
Unlike Everest, Nanga Parbat and K2 before they fell, no one can yet say of it that the route by which it will be climbed has been established, let alone pursued. So it would seem that, in spite of frequent explorations and attacks dating back to before 1899, when Freshfield circled the peak at above the 20,000-ft. level and brought back grave doubts as to the possibility of climbing it at all, even the riddle of the route to the top remains as far as ever from being solved. True, twice, in 1929 and 1931, the Germans, approaching from the Zemu Glacier on the east, laid siege to the ice-plastered North-East Spur and by weeks of superhuman effort, living in ice-cave camps on its knife-edged crest, hacked a way to about 25,250 ft.—only to find themselves hopelessly sundered from the mountain's 3,000-ft. summit-mass by suicidally dangerous avalanche slopes. By contrast, on Everest, Nanga Parbat and K2, parties have on several occasions been within less than 1,500 ft. of success during the earlier "failures." So it seems fair to surmise that much danger, toil and hardship will have to be endured before this third-biggest of the world's mountains yields to a successful assault.

This summer, attention has been focussed on the mountain's southern side, where a British party, led by J. W. R. Kempe, headmaster of a school in India, returned to one of the routes pioneered in the earlier part of the century, in an attempt to open up a route by the Yalung Glacier and the 22,000-ft. Saddle above it, on to one of the great rock ridges falling southwards on the face that fronts Darjeeling. It was on this glacier that the Swiss climber Pache and several porters died in 1905, while the notorious Aleister Crowley, on being informed of the fate of his comrades, continued to drink tea and draft his article for the *Pioneer*, remarking that he was not really interested in mountaineering accidents.

This fresh 1954 reconnaissance would appear to have met with considerable success. Kempe reports that the Yalung Saddle was reached, possibilities of access to the mountain still towering 6,000 ft. above were established; and it has even been forecast that Hunt may follow up this line of approach if, as seems possible, he obtains permission to lead a future attempt on the peak. He has, of course, already been to about 23,000 ft. on the Zemu side, where no progress of note has been made by several small-scale reconnaissances since the war.

Next in pride of place stands 27,790-ft. Makalu, Everest's handsomer and more spectacular neighbour, fifth in the world ranking. Here the situation was that, although a party had skirted its gigantic western base,

A MISHAP IN THE HIMALAYA: Jim McFarlane, a member of this year's New Zealand expedition, being carried down in a chair on a Sherpa's back, after being rescued from a crevasse on the Barun Glacier by Sir Edmund Hillary. McFarlane was badly frost-bitten during his night in the crevasse.



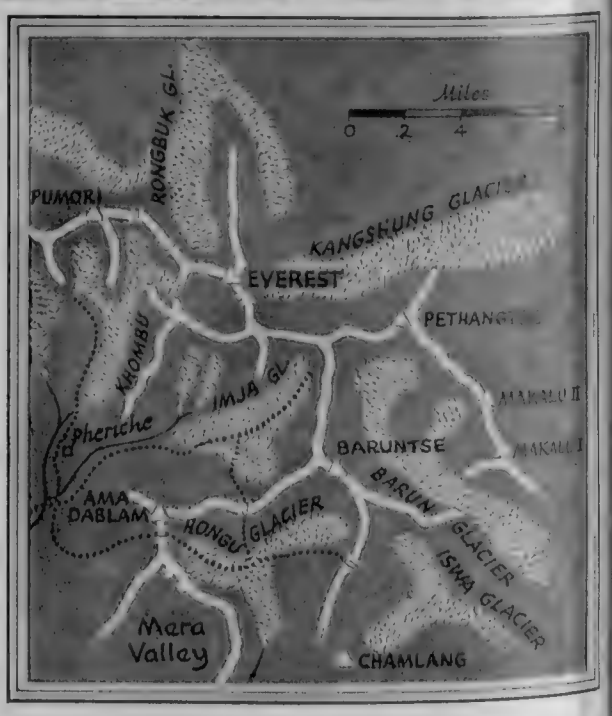
THE MIGHTY SOUTHERN FACE OF KANGCHENJUNGA: An artist's impression of the view seen more than ten miles away from the neighbourhood of Jongri (16,000 ft.). This year's route by the Yalung Glacier, hidden to the left of and below the snow saddle in the centre, is reported to yield hopes of access to the great frontal ridges sweeping up to the summit. The British expedition was led by the headmaster of an Indian school.

FLASHBACK TO 1950, DURING THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO ANNAPURNA: A reconstruction of the scene as Ajeeba, the Sherpa, carried the seriously frost-bitten Maurice Herzog, leader of the tragically successful expedition to Annapurna I, across the Miristi Khola in flood. Both he and Louis Lachenal, another climber, reached the summit, but later experienced great hardship.

HARD GOING ON THE JOURNEY BACK: Sir Edmund Hillary, who was injured during the rescue of McFarlane, and later collapsed with fever, is brought down on a stretcher across the boulder-strewn moraines below the tongue of Barun Glacier.

On right—

MAKALU IN RELATION TO EVEREST: This map shows the position of Makalu I and Makalu II lying beyond the Barun Glacier, where members of Sir Edmund Hillary's expedition carried out their survey. Makalu was this year the objective of the Americans.



when making the first exploration of the Barun Glacier in 1952, nobody had yet set foot on its terrific precipices or the steep ice-slopes banked against them.

A strong American party under Wilfred E. Siri, favoured by the luck of the draw—Hillary had intended to attempt the peak this year, but the queueing habit has found its way even to the high Himalaya—laid siege to the mountain for several weeks. It withdrew safely, after experiencing avalanche dangers and heavy snowfalls, without ever getting higher than 23,000 ft. on the mountain proper, no oxygen being used and high-altitude deterioration being experienced. Makalu, as forecast in our spring article, thus remains hardly scratched by the boot-nails of the Abominable Human. It is a matter of conjecture whether its gigantic summit-wedge or Kangchenjunga's crenellated castle will remain inviolate the longer: it is reasonable to hazard a guess that both humiliations are still a very long way off. Both remain supremely formidable propositions, with the greater part of the upper route yet to be discovered, let alone climbed.

Meanwhile, Hillary's New Zealand-British team, baulked of their real objective, concentrated this year on a complete survey of the Barun-Hongu-Iswa tract. The expedition split up into several parties, one of which, without embarrassing the Americans' efforts on Makalu proper, reached, not without difficulty, a level of about 23,000 ft. just below the saddle between it and Makalu II (25,500 ft.). Hillary, who is believed to have sought permission to attempt Makalu in 1956, is convinced that this will prove to be the eventual route.

Another detachment succeeded in climbing one of their chosen objectives, the fine 23,700-ft. ice-peak of Baruntse, a feat demanding five hours of difficult step-cutting at this tremendous altitude, a major climbing performance by any standard. No fewer than nineteen peaks in the "lesser" 20–22,000-ft. category were also ascended; and many blanks on the map of this relatively uncharted glacier tract will no doubt have been filled in.

Unfortunately, early in the proceedings, McFarlane, a New Zealand member of the team, fell into a crevasse, high on the Barun Glacier. After passing a night 60 ft. down, contracting severe frost-bite in the process, he was rescued by the prodigious efforts of Hillary and supporting Sherpas. Hillary himself sustained broken ribs in the dangerous rescue operation and later suffered a severe bout of fever, so that he had to be carried down to a safe altitude on a stretcher. His recovery at base-camp level was remarkably rapid; but McFarlane's frost-bite was so serious that he had to be carried all the way down to valley levels for urgent medical attention. So once again a helpless climber came down some thousands of feet from the glacier heights slung on the back of relays of willing Sherpas.

This astonishing phenomenon was first witnessed when Herzog, almost at death's door, and Lachenal, in almost as bad condition from frost-bite, were brought safely down to the valleys after their successful but disastrous climb of Annapurna I (26,504 ft.) in 1950. This summer it would unfortunately appear to have become a widespread necessity: and once again the inestimable value of the amazing Sherpas is heavily underlined.

Detailed news (at the time of writing) is still awaited of the successful activities of a Swiss party, led by Raymond Lambert, who so nearly climbed Everest in 1952, and including the well-known woman climber, Mme. Kogan, and the guide, Franz Lochmatter. This expedition further explored the south side of Gaurisankar (23,440 ft.), thirty miles west of Everest—a district whose glaciers and tremendous gorges have hitherto been only partially reconnoitred and somewhat sketchily mapped.

Meanwhile, another of the great peaks, Dhaulagiri (26,811 ft., and sixth-highest in the world), on which the Swiss, by sensational climbing, reached 25,250 ft. last year, was being attempted by a party of Argentinian climbers, evidently not satisfied that the immense peaks of their own Andes offered sufficient challenge. In the absence of further detail it may seem uncharitable to suggest that their objective was perhaps too ambitiously chosen; but their leader, Snr. Francisco Ibanez, unfortunately died in Khatmandu after amputation of frost-bitten feet, and eleven other members seem to have suffered severely from frost-bite, some of them again being forced to return to the valleys by the Sherpa "chair-lift."

In two past expeditions the Japanese had already been within feet of Manaslu's summit (26,668 ft., the eighth-highest): they hoped this year would bring final

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ONE OF THIS YEAR'S EXPEDITIONS ON SAIPAL (23,000 FT.): Joseph Pfeffer, of the Austrian expedition, carrying a heavy load of equipment to Camp II, situated at about 19,000 ft. The climbers had to carry their own food as the expedition did not have sufficient funds to engage porters. The Austrian expedition failed to reach the summit and, at the time of writing, news is still awaited of the Oxford University Exploration Club expedition.

1954 in the HIMALAYA: A Survey of this Year's Expeditions

A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF THE API CORONET OF PEAKS: This picture, looking away from the Tibetan frontier, was taken by W. H. Murray during his reconnaissance last year. The actual summit of Api (23,400 ft.) itself is not visible. This year's Italian expedition ended in tragedy.

TRAGEDY ON API: Victor Coverley-Price has depicted the scene as the Sherpa Gyalgen, who alone survived, strove to nurse a stricken companion down the ridge of Api during the blizzard which overwhelmed this year's Italian party after they had reached the summit. The two men were endeavouring to reach the shelter of a crevasse, where the climber eventually died.

ONE OF THE "POSSIBLE OBJECTIVES" OF THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ALPINE CLUB: Malangutti and Distaghil photographed from among seracs and glacier streams by Captain C. J. Morris on his approach in 1927.

On left—

RAKAPOSHI TOWERING ABOVE THE BARE FOOTHILL GORGES NEAR TASHOT: This picture was also taken by Captain Morris on his return journey to the Kashmir valleys. Distaghil is slightly higher than Rakaposhi. *This picture and the one on the far left are reproduced by Courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society.*

(*Concluded from previous page*)

success. Owing, it is stated, to the hostility of the local inhabitants to what was, in their eyes, an impious desecration of a holy mountain, the expedition seems this time to have been diverted to near-by Ganesh Himal (24,199 ft.): it is understood that the attempt was abandoned at about 22,000 ft., the highest point yet reached on it.

Api (23,400 ft.) stands remote in the north-west corner of Nepal. Last year W. H. Murray reconnoitred this unexplored peak, crowned by one of the greatest of all mountain ice-caps. He did not succeed in obtaining a lodgment on it, but brought back a charming lecture, illustrated by some truly lovely colour-slides. This year's Italian expedition, led by the amazing seventy-one-year-old Sig. Ghiglione, who during the previous year had spent some weeks above 20,000 ft. in the Andes, succeeded in climbing this formidable mountain, but the venture ended in a fearsome tragedy.

On the retreat from an initial failure, one climber was swept away and drowned while crossing a log-bridge over the Kali. Returning to the attack, two climbers and the well-known Sherpa Gyalgen reached the summit, observed by Ghiglione from base camp. On the descent they were overwhelmed by a blizzard. One climber was swept over a precipice by the force of the gale while unroped, and the second, nursed and encouraged downwards by the faithful Gyalgen, died of hæmorrhage after two nights spent in crevasses for shelter. Gyalgen eventually struggled alone into base-camp, frost-bitten and snowblind, after a three-days search had convinced those below that all had perished in the blizzard up on the mountain.

Thirty miles away stands Saipal, the 23,000-ft. culmination of a converging range, clearly visible from Api's slopes. Here, in this crowded season, two parties have been attempting a first ascent.

The first, an Austrian expedition, failed, Karl Reiss dying of pneumonia after being taken ill during a raging blizzard in a 20,000-ft. assault camp, and the attempt being abandoned because of continuing bad weather. News of the progress of an Oxford University Exploration Club expedition, led by Hillary Harrington, a New Zealander, which set out towards the end of June, is still awaited.

Elsewhere among the lesser giants, Commander Showell Styles, well known, through his *Mountains of the Midnight Sun*, for his pioneering of Lapland's unknown peaks, failed on Boudha, a 21,900-ft. subsidiary of the great Himalchuli-Manaslu group, in north-west Nepal.

A Cambridge University Alpine Club expedition, including G. C. Band and Dr. A. Tissières, which set out recently on an ambitious programme in the Hispar area of the Karakorum, numbered Rakaposhi (25,550 ft.) and Distaghil (25,860 ft.) among its possible objectives. The approach to the first-named and the setting-up of a base-camp at its foot have been successfully achieved. On Rakaposhi the men reached a point beyond any other previous party.

No account of the summer's activities would be complete without some reference to a highly-geared and heavily-equipped scientific expedition, which set out in the spring to bring back the "Abominable Snowman." They returned after spending two months in the high valleys and subsidiary spurs of the Everest range, bringing back exciting tales of a diversity of footprints, some magnificent photographs and a greatly increased knowledge of the districts' flora and fauna. Unfortunately, the Prince remained resolutely absent from this expensively-mounted performance of *Hamlet*. They did, however, surmount the 19,200-ft. Nangpa La (a glaciated pass, frequently traversed in summer by herds of yaks) and there discovered, among other people, a six-year-old Tibetan boy playing in the snow. It is not reported whether this *enfant terrible* was sufficiently abominable to be regarded as a consolation prize; but he was definitely not brought back as a specimen.

So, with one major triumph, two ascents of 23,000-ft. peaks, a number of lesser successes and some costly failures, ends the crowded Himalayan season of 1954. At least five climbers have lost their lives; a larger number have suffered more or less severe injuries from frost-bite.

It is understandable that the appropriate Government authorities are already finding the flood of applications for permits and the parcelling-out of peaks and dates on the waiting list so embarrassing that they are considering a ruthless clamping-down on future activities.

Quite apart from this, one cannot help wondering whether the multiplication of simultaneous expeditions and the vast dispersal of effort over the length and breadth of the Himalaya-Karakorum tract during one climbing season is not draining the pool of first-class high-peak Sherpas and porters—the first essential to each separate undertaking—to a point where failure will always be more than likely and the risk of disaster gravely accentuated.

AN OLD COUNTRY CUSTOM: These two pictures were taken at Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire, when an auction of the furniture of a cottage was conducted on the spot. The effects of a Mr. Bishop were placed outside the cottage on a grass verge and the sale was conducted by the auctioneer, Mr. Arthur Brewer. One reason for the outdoor auction is that there is seldom room inside for the large number of people who come from the towns in the hope of finding an antique.

IN VILLAGE AND TOWN

An Open-air Auction at Chipping Campden; Building Progress at Coventry and Crawley New Town

THE NEW COVENTRY TAKES SHAPE: A general view of the new Garden Square of Broadgate in the centre of the town, where building is now well under way. To the left of the picture is Broadgate House and, on the right, is a large modern store. In the centre, behind the statue of Lady Godiva, is the entrance to the Precinct, which is designed as a traffic-free pedestrian way. It will eventually form the new shopping area with groups of buildings, including terraced shops at first-floor level. The Garden Square itself forms a memorial to Coventry's citizens who lost their lives during the air raids on the city. It lies to the west of the old Cathedral and occupies the site of some of the worst devastation in the city. When this area is completed Coventry will be unique among English towns in possessing a centre which is both homogeneous and contemporary. The City Architect responsible for much of the redesigning is Mr. D. E. E. Gibson; his deputy is David Percival.

A FOCAL-POINT OF COVENTRY: The city's new Cathedral will rise at right-angles to the burnt-out shell of the old one, in the ancient churchyard to the left of the picture. The architect is Basil Spence.

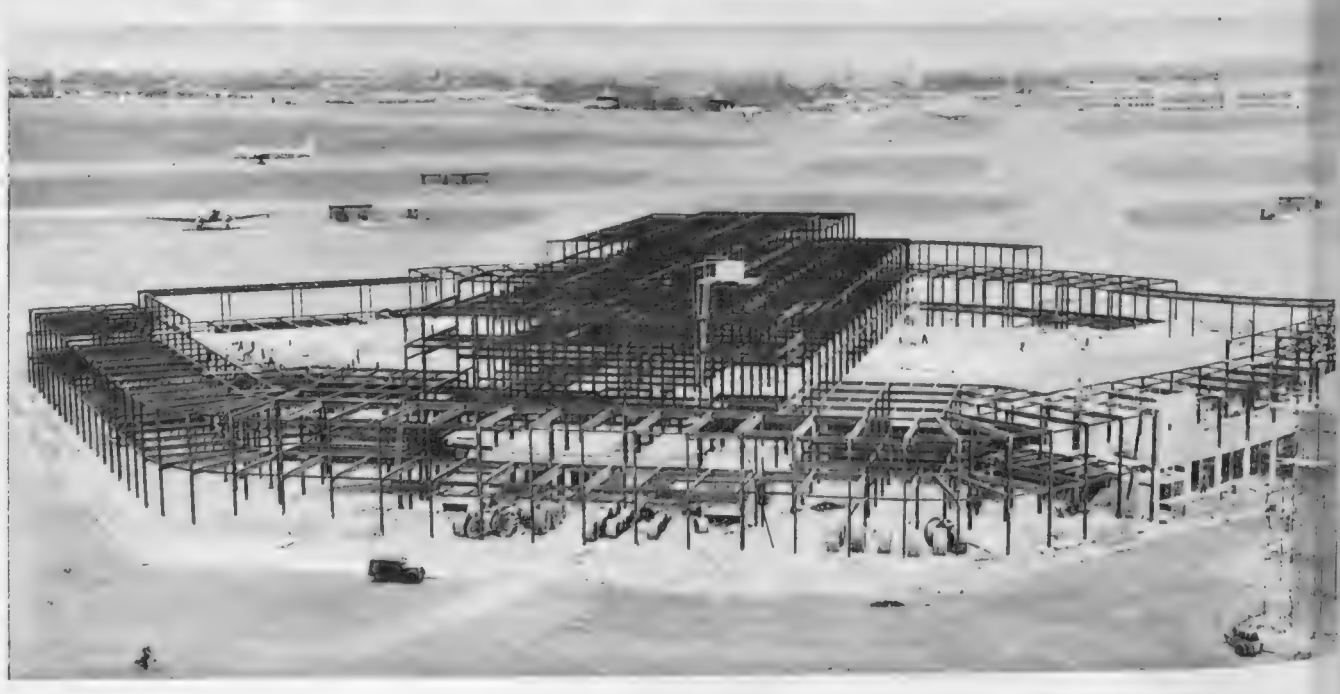
A FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN ATMOSPHERE AT CRAWLEY NEW TOWN, SUSSEX: These are the first shops to be built in the new shopping way which has been designed in order to end the new town's big problem of shopping congestion. The new pedestrian shopping way will link the new Boulevard shopping site with the old High Street. A Festival of Britain atmosphere is aimed at by Crawley Development Corporation architects, and shopkeepers will be encouraged to use brightly-coloured awnings. The new town of Crawley is being built by a Development Corporation established in 1947 under the New Towns Act, with the object of creating in Sussex a self-contained and balanced community for work and living for 50,000 to 60,000 people. Much of the new area is already occupied and some factories are in full operation.

CRAWLEY'S "DOME OF DISCOVERY": This is one of the new shops now taking shape alongside the White Hart Hotel. Further construction is seen in the top left-hand corner of the picture.

ENGLAND'S AIRPORT

The Progress made in Rebuilding London Airport, which when Completed will be the Most Modern in the World

THE NEW LONDON AIRPORT IS TAKING SHAPE—THE CONTROL TOWER, WHICH IS NEARING COMPLETION : Since it was opened for civil aviation in January 1946, London Airport, the busiest in Europe, has undergone much development, and this work is still in progress. By 1956, when all new buildings and runways are expected to be completed, the airport will be the most modern in the world.



On right—

THE SKELETON OF THE EASTERN APEX BUILDING IS ALREADY ERECTED : When completed, this building will have two functions—the handling of aircraft operations and the provision of amenities for the public. The building will have roof gardens, which will be open to the general public, and the new public enclosure will be on the roof.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CENTRAL AREA OF THE AIRPORT: This is the south end of the tunnel, which is already in use, but is not quite complete, which runs from the Bath Road, seen in the background, under the airfield, to the central area. The two centre lanes in the tunnel are for cars, and the outer ones for cyclists and pedestrians. Also seen in this picture is the present public enclosure, which commands a fine view of the No. 1 runway and which is proving to be very popular.

THE AIR SIDE OF THE NEW PASSENGER HANDLING BUILDING—SHOWING ONE OF THE COVERED BRIDGES WHICH WILL LEAD BOTH TO AIRCRAFT AND TO BUSES TAKING PASSENGERS TO LONDON: This will be joined to the Eastern Apex Building.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PASSENGER HANDLING BUILDING: On the right of the picture, the bridge which will connect this block with the Eastern Apex Building can be seen under construction. Over the roof, the top of the control tower is visible.

At present, the main flying control-room and Passenger Handling Buildings of London Airport are situated along the north edge of the airfield at the side of the Bath Road. This has many disadvantages. The greatest drawback is that these buildings are of a temporary nature and cannot be extended. As they have almost reached the limit of their capacity, this is most serious. Also, being situated at one side of the airfield, the overall view from Flying Control is not as good as it might be.

The new buildings are being erected in the centre of the airfield, which is also in the centre of the runway system, and the new control tower will therefore command an equally good view of all the runways. So that passengers and personnel can reach the Central Control Area, as it is known, without crossing a runway, the 2,000-feet long tunnel has been built. This is already in operation, although parts of it are not yet completed.

On entering the Central Control Area from the tunnel, three buildings will be seen. The central one, and the most important from the flying viewpoint, is the Control Building. This is 122 ft. 6 ins. high, and its staff will be responsible for both the movement of aircraft in the air, their movement on the ground, and also for the movement of all motor vehicles in the operative area of the airport. The Control Building will also contain the headquarters of airport management, aeronautical communications, the medical centre and restaurants, and welfare facilities for all staff employed in the Central Area. The control tower itself, and the tele-communications wing, will be completed this autumn.

Behind and to the left of the Control Building, when seen from the tunnel mouth, will be two other blocks, the larger of which will be the Passenger Handling Building. This is in the form of a large rectangle, with three short wings jutting out on to the air side. All passengers using the airport will be dealt with in this building. Stretching the whole length of the building will be a Customs barrier, beyond which the general public may not pass, and running at right-angles through this barrier, from the air-side to the land-side, are ten passenger handling channels, each channel being served by a luggage conveyer belt, thus enabling the passengers to pass quickly and easily through the control formalities. Restaurants, shops and other amenities will be provided in the Passenger Handling Building.

Next to this will be the Eastern Apex Building, which will cater for the handling of aircraft operations, the provision of amenities for crews and for the public. Its roof will be laid out as a garden, to which the public will be admitted, and a bridge at roof-top level will give access to the roof of the public building also. Among the other amenities which will be provided for the public here will be a Post Office and a News Cinema.

BEN NEVIS—THE HIGHEST AND MOST ASTONISHING MOUNTAIN IN GREAT BRITAIN: Fitting snugly into the foot of the mountain, on the shore of Loch Linnhe, is the small industrial Burgh of Fort William, whose inhabitants take surprisingly little interest in the 4,406-ft. summit. This picture shows the broad contour of the hill and the suddenness with which it rises from the surrounding countryside, and the following article tells why it is so popular with tourists and experienced climbers.

BEN NEVIS—THE BIG TOP

The Story of the Strange and Fascinating Mountain which has Attracted Tourists and Climbers for Many Centuries

By ELIZABETH COXHEAD

AFTER the train has left Spean Bridge on its last lap to Fort William, the traveller looking out at the mountains on his left will momentarily glimpse a deep valley, running up under a wall of precipice, most probably, whatever the time of year, streaked with snow. He should look well, for this is the greatest precipice in Britain, and the train is practically the only spot from which, without using his legs, he can see it. It is the strangest of many curious features about Ben Nevis, the highest hill in Britain, and from every point of view the most astonishing.

For one thing, Ben Nevis is unrelated to the world at its base. It rises from sea-level, in isolation, tied to its outliers, the Aonachs, only by a narrow arete bridging a deep gap. There is an equally deep spiritual cleft between it and the bustling little industrial town of Fort William, with its aluminium works and pipe-lines and pre-fabs. The young men of Fort William race each other to the summit once a year, but the majority of the townsfolk pay it no attention. The shops sell postcards of it, but not one of them shows the precipice, which, if it had been turned the other way into Glen Nevis, would have been one of the most famed sights in the country. As it is, many even of those who reach the summit by the Glen Nevis track may escape knowing—if they are careful not to peer over any edges—that the precipice is there.

From Glen Nevis, a glen surprisingly Alpine with its glacier-flattened floor and the Forestry Commission's conifers to complete the effect, the Ben is a mere elephant's back, massively sombre. A fine broad track contours the lower hillside and zigzags up the last slopes, relic of the days when there was an Observatory on the summit which had to be provisioned by ponies. A Ford car was taken up when the bridges were wider, and a motor-cycle could doubtless make the ascent now.

But the well-advised and competent walker—he need be no more—may leave the track half-way up, where it reaches a grassy plateau cradling a loch. Crossing over a little distance above the loch, he will pick up a line of cairns that lead him gently round into the Mhuilinn Glen, as the valley beneath the precipice is called. And as he mounts it, the spectacle opens up: not a flat rock-wall, but an elaborate series of ridges, towers and pinnacles, enclosing deep-cut corries dappled with snow. Two miles long and 2000 ft. high, it is all on so prodigious a scale that the camera makes it look Alpine, Himalayan even, and all but the knowledgeable can be deceived.

At the head of the glen stands another Nevis speciality, our only Alpine hut. Club-huts we have in plenty, but they are cheek by jowl with common dwellings; this one is 2,000 ft. above the nearest and, like its Alpine counterparts, can only be reached by a scrambler's path, and its situation on a grassy knoll above a stream sets one instinctively looking for gentians. It was given to the Scottish Mountaineering Club in memory of a young man killed in the first World War, and at Easter, the classy season on Nevis, is packed out. My visits happen at Whitsun, and I have always found it shuttered and silent. No doubt the members of the S.M.C. are then all in the Himalayas, and one could not expect them—though one would dearly wish them—to leave the key above the door.

The walker now breasts Carn Mor Dearg, the scree-hill which forms the opposite side of the glen, getting ever-finer views of the crags to console him for the toilsomeness of the ascent. He then follows the sensational but perfectly safe arete round on to Nevis itself—a grand day's expedition which leaves him with pity to spare for plodders up the ordinary track.

As for the rock-climber, two miles of crag and upwards of a hundred routes confront him with an embarrassment of riches to which the difficulty of procuring the S.M.C. Guide adds topographical bewilderment. "Are we right for Tower Ridge?" blithely enquires a party already half-way up it. Each of these ridges has its beloved character: Tower, easy in summer, sensational to look at, and in view of the summit for most of the way so that one enjoys the stimulus of innocent tourist admiration; Observatory, surely the finest direct route up any mountain anywhere; Castle, north-east with its notorious "man-trap." The gullies, varying from scramblers' No. 3 to Gardyloo, "unclimbable in summer" (the Observatory used to tip refuse down it, hence the name, patent to anyone with a smattering of Edinburgh history). The faces, with their terrible Severes, Slav Route and Rubicon Wall and the like, the preserve of aristocrats. Here is an entire world of rock, and in winter and spring a world of ice, snow and cornice, sometimes of avalanche. There have been fatalities, and will be more, but Nevis is never gloomy or treacherous. Those who challenge it under winter conditions knowingly take their risk.

The top of the precipice, wherever one puts one's head over it, is to all intents the summit of the mountain, this being a vast and almost level plateau of flat stones. And here is another private world, an Arctic, a tundra, thrust up 4,000 ft. into the sky. Beautiful, hardly; but weird and fascinating, especially when the mist plays tricks with the marching row of cairns and one's normally adequate sense of direction is quite bewitched. Tiny figures promenade in all directions, as they do in old prints of the summit of Mont Blanc, and there seems to be no scale to measure distance by, or even slope. When the path starts to descend, it still looks level, and only the muscles at the back of one's legs tell that one is going downhill.

The official top is a bigger cairn on which all momentarily enjoy the sensation of being the loftiest Britons. Beyond it stand the windy ruins of the Observatory, that astonishing venture, whence from 1884 to 1904 a hardy band of meteorologists kept year-round residence. What sights and storms they must have seen, what Brockens and Glories! One of them wrote his story, *Twenty Years on Ben Nevis*; like so much else germane to the mountain, it is out of print. The Observatory might at least have been patched up to serve other users, and part of it turned into a climbers' shelter. But no, it is being allowed to crumble, and soon it will be lost like its memories.

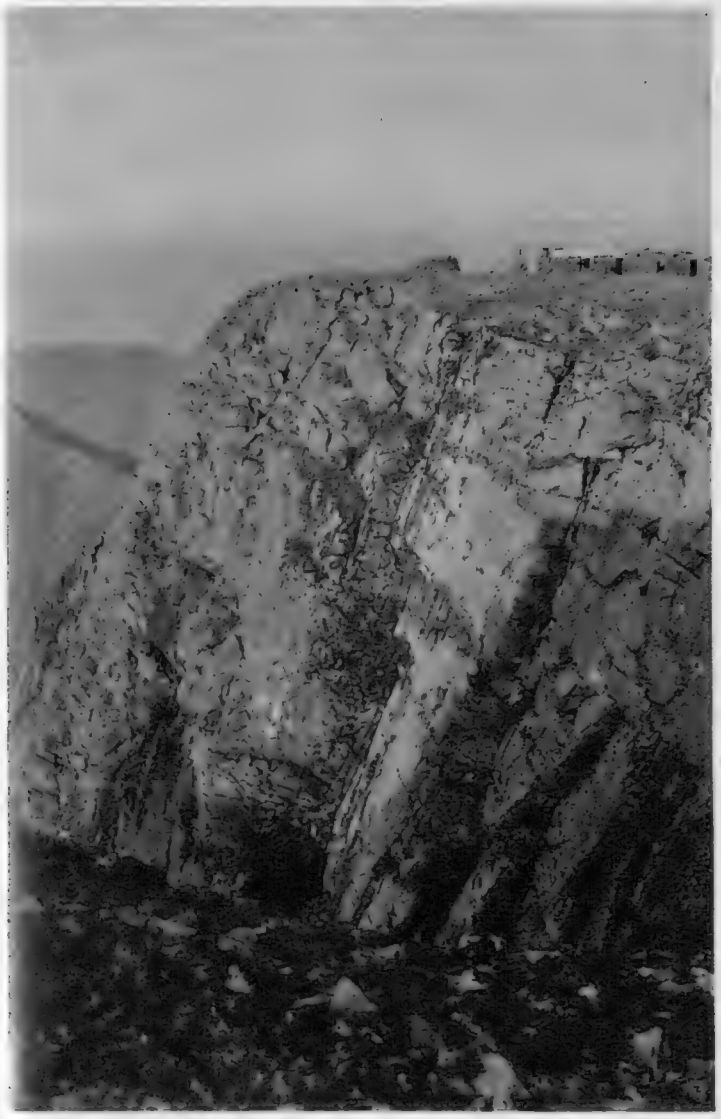
A little cairned track runs due south of it for a couple of hundred yards, and then one comes on the last and most delightful surprise of Nevis—a spring. The highest water, of course, in Britain, and the nearest that I know of to any mountain-top. An abandoned cistern proves that the Observatory must have had its water from here. It is so cold that to drink it is exquisite agony.

There is no foreground to the view; the vast bulk of the mountain itself cuts off Fort William, the pre-fabs, all but an inch of the railway. And for background there is most of Scotland; the Glencoe hills, black and serrated in the middle distance, the Cairngorms and Torridons misty, Skye and Rhum enchanted, on a very clear day the Outer Hebrides, and on the clearest imaginable day—so they say, but it may be only wish-thinking—Ireland. If so, why not England, why not Norway? Anything might be possible up there—if in one's turn one could wait for twenty years.

Scrunching first, most probably, over a smart little snowfield (snow in June!—in July), then slithering down scree, later running and bumping down the path, with the green floor of Glen Nevis coming up to meet one, and a faint dizziness in one's head as after an aeroplane flight, one returns to the pre-fabs, and to King's Cross, round the corner. But taking with one, however cursory the acquaintance, something of the mountain's peculiar atmosphere, which sets it apart.

In moments of vexation it is, I find, an immense comfort to abstract the mind and think of Ben Nevis, so vast and smooth and solid on the one side, so dramatically riven on the other; to revisit the eerie Arctic of its summit; to walk the tight-rope of the great ridges dropping down through mist and sunshine; and to take refuge in gullies so dark and deep that they shelter patches of eternal Scottish snow.

THE ALPINE WONDERLAND OF BEN NEVIS



THE SUMMIT OF BEN NEVIS, SHOWING THE RUINS OF THE OBSERVATORY WHICH WAS OCCUPIED FROM 1884 UNTIL 1904 : To the left of the buildings is the mound marking the summit. For twenty years, an intrepid band of meteorologists kept a year-round watch from the summit. Near the ruins of their observatory is a small spring, probably one of the highest in the world.

THE WONDERFUL NORTH-EAST FACE OF BEN NEVIS : The summit is the second prominence from the left on the skyline. In the centre of the picture is Tower Ridge, with the gap to the right of it. Climbers on Tower Ridge are nearly always in sight of people on the summit.

THE TOURIST'S VIEW OF BEN NEVIS AND THE GREAT PRECIPICE : This picture is taken from Gairlochy and is almost identical with that seen from the train soon after leaving the Spean Bridge.

On right—

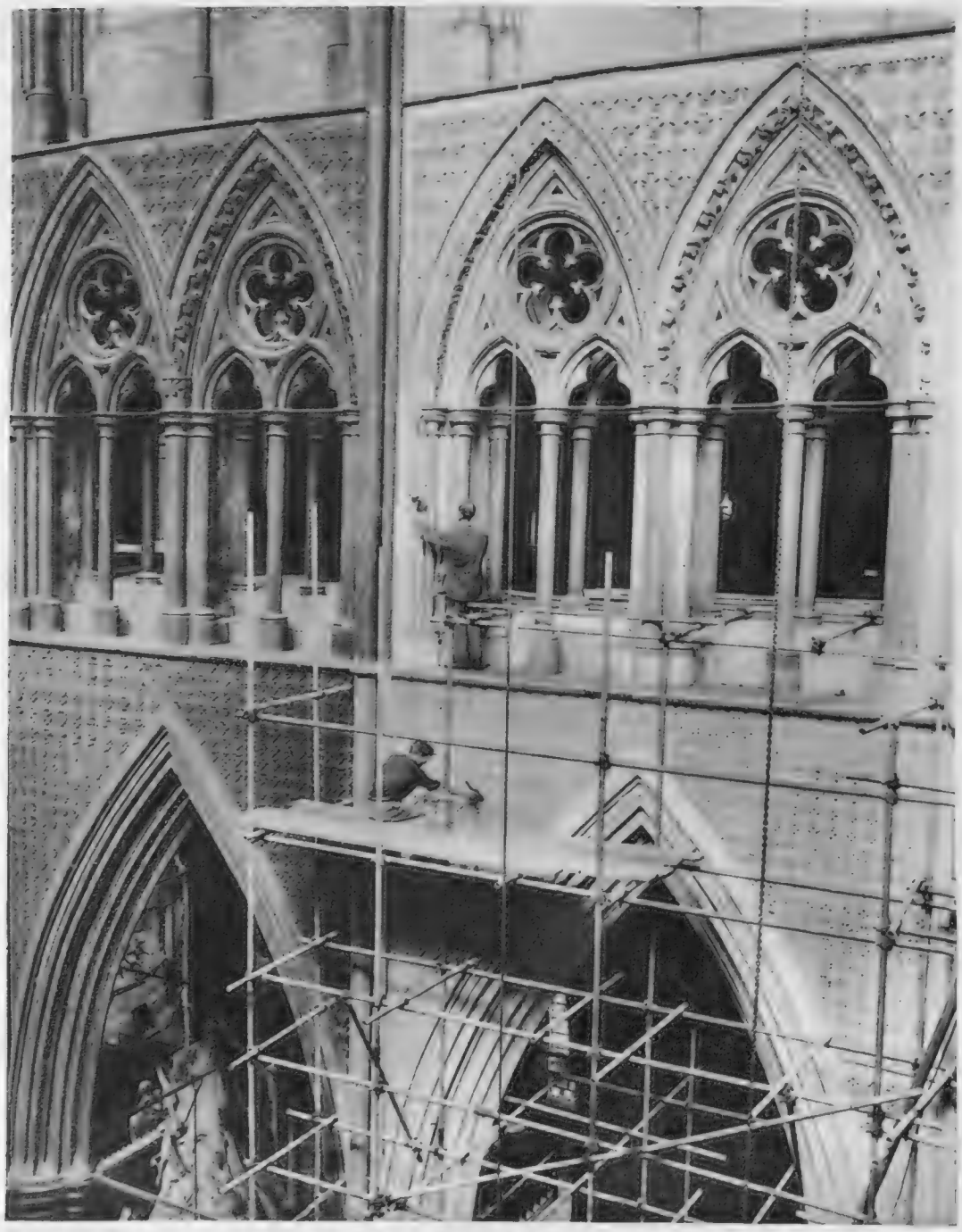
THE ONLY ALPINE HUT IN GREAT BRITAIN : This is the small clubhouse of the Scottish Mountaineering Club, which nestles in a truly Alpine setting. The building was given to the club in memory of a young man who was killed during the First World War.

THE REMARKABLE ALPINE ASPECT OF THE BRITISH MOUNTAIN : On the left is the North-East Buttress and next to it Tower Ridge, with Carn Dearg beyond that. The snow-filled gully seen coming down from the skyline near the centre of the picture is a favourite descent route.

On right—

THE EXHILARATING VIEW WHICH AWAITS THE CLIMBER WHO HAS PASSED THROUGH THE MORNING MISTS TO THE SUMMIT : In the centre foreground is Tower Ridge, with the gap clearly visible, as seen from a place near the summit.

INSIDE WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WHERE EXTENSIVE REPAIRS ARE NOW BEING CARRIED OUT, FOLLOWING THE SUCCESSFUL RESPONSE TO THE APPEAL FOR £1,000,000: The pictures on these pages were taken last week, when it was announced that the timbers in the nave roof and elsewhere were much more seriously decayed as a result of rot and attack by death-watch beetle, and that consequently the work of restoration would take longer than originally planned. *Left*—Mr. H. Newman, the works foreman, indicates the extent of damage to the beams of the nave roof, and, *on right*, a workman is seen engaged with a saw while fitting new beams to the roof.



HIGH UP IN THE "CORONATION CHURCH" AT WESTMINSTER: A view of stone-cleaning in progress in an apse of the Abbey; the contrast between the two sections is clearly visible. It is hoped that the principal work of restoration will be completed within the ten-year period originally stated.

URGENT REPAIRS AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY

When the Task of Restoration Began, it was Found that the Decay of Timbers was Far Worse than Originally Thought

At the beginning of Coronation Year the Dean and Chapter of Westminster launched an appeal for £1,000,000 for the maintenance of the Abbey's fabric; for immediate and future capital expenditure, and to endow the Choir School. Soon after the Queen was crowned and the Abbey was cleared of the special seating arrangements for that great event, the restorers moved in and began their task of safeguarding the building for future generations. Last week, however, it was announced by Mr. Stephen Dykes Bower, Surveyor of the Fabric of the Abbey, that after closer inspection the state of decay was more serious than had been anticipated, and that timbers in the nave roof, the Jerusalem Chamber and elsewhere had become badly decayed as a result of wet rot and attack by death-watch beetle. Consequently, some work has been interrupted so that all effort can be made on making certain that the actual roof timbers are absolutely sound. In the Jerusalem Chamber, where the Regalia rests on the eve of a Coronation, the roof oak was found to be in a bad state, and the roof itself had been endangered to such a degree that Mr. Dykes Bower considered it close to the point of collapse. The roof is now being repaired and the timbers treated with an insecticide; meanwhile the lead is being recast ready for relaying. The Chamber will not be ready for use again until next year. Other work at the Abbey includes the cleaning of the stonework, and this is being washed to remove the acids of the London atmosphere. It is hoped that the additional work will be covered by the money raised last year, but workmen will have to be engaged for a period of about twenty years.

THE SURVEYOR OF THE FABRIC OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY: Mr. Stephen Dykes Bower puts his finger through a piece of wood ravaged by the death-watch beetle during an explanation of the work in hand. The piece of wood is 500 years old and comes from the Jerusalem Chamber; the other piece is from the nave roof.

A MAMMOTH TASK FOR THE RESTORERS: One of the men engaged in the work at the Abbey reveals some of the damage in the roof structure of the Jerusalem Chamber. A badly-decayed angle joist has been removed, and the crumbling condition of the walls can be seen. The oak beams were found to be riddled with the beetle, and live grubs were discovered in timbers that were almost completely perforated. Insecticide is being poured into the timbers as a precaution against further damage.

AN INTRICATE TASK FOR A CLEANER: This man is engaged on the cleaning of ornamental stonework. Much of the Abbey's stonework has been attacked by the acids in the London atmosphere.

UNDER THE NAVE ROOF, THE COMPLETE DESTRUCTION OF PLATES AND BEAMS CAN BE SEEN: This has allowed the weight of the roof to pull the walls in. This picture gives a good impression of the difficult task confronting the authorities in connection with the Abbey's preservation.

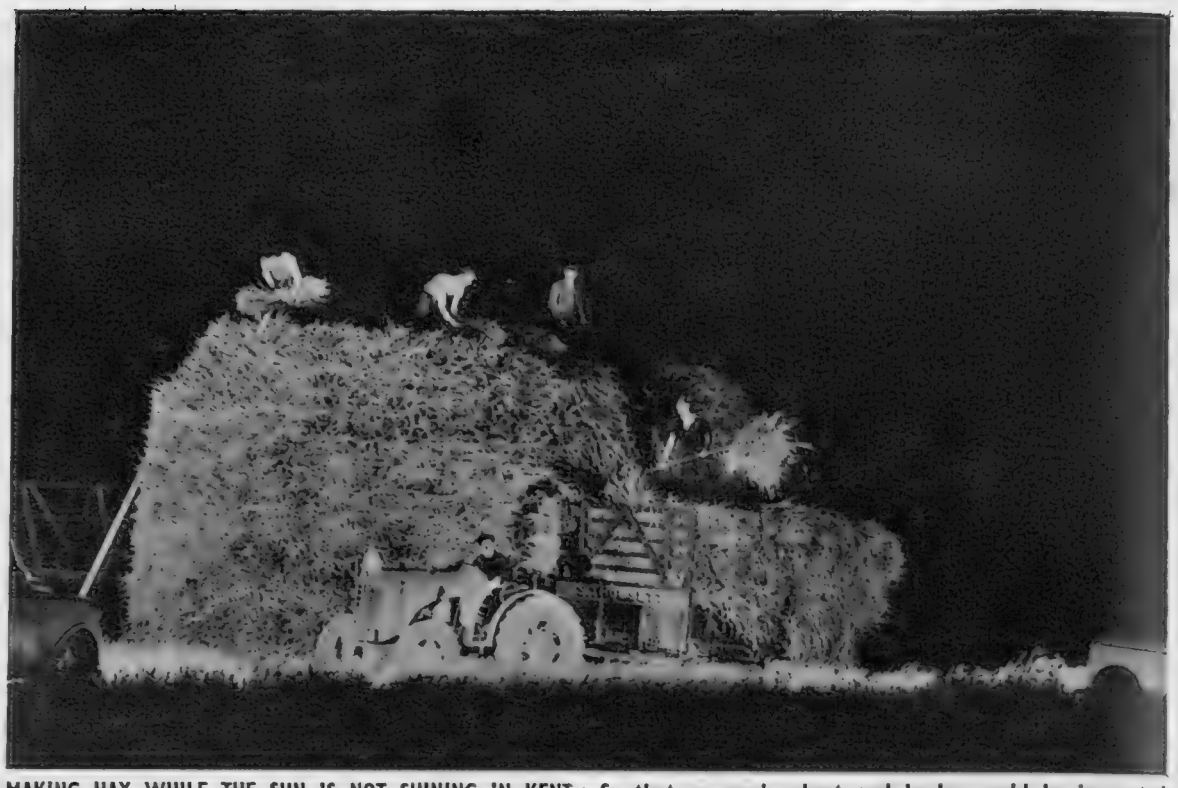
A HECTIC HARVEST

Farmers and Farm Labourers Work at Full Tilt to Gather in a Harvest which is Already Uncomfortably Late

Farmers throughout the country are notorious for not being satisfied with the weather, and often, to the layman, seem to grumble unnecessarily. But this year, no one can deny that they have every cause to complain. The weather has been very bad, and when, over three weeks after the harvesting should have started, the constant rain had not ceased, the prospect for any harvest at all was decidedly gloomy. In response to a request from the National Farmers' Union, the Archbishop of York called for prayers to be said in churches asking for favourable weather to save the crops.

Then, a few days later, came the first inkling that our summer had not deserted us completely, and the farmers' work began. In southern England, where there was more sunshine, rapid strides were made in gathering in the crops, and in many places, so that work could continue uninterrupted while conditions were right, it proceeded through the night. Farther north, however, there was not so much sun, and work was hampered. Many fields of cereals had suffered damage from the heavy winds and rainfall earlier on, and these have been "retrieved" with varying degrees of success. In many places, especially with barley, yields were greater than was expected.

Soon after the sunny periods began, the Ministry of Agriculture announced that arrangements had been made with the Service departments for agricultural machine drivers, who were at present doing their National Service, to be given up to twenty-eight days' unpaid leave if their services were genuinely needed. A long period of sunshine is needed to save the harvest, and even then the yield will be poor.



MAKING HAY WHILE THE SUN IS NOT SHINING IN KENT: So that as much wheat and barley could be harvested while conditions were right, Mr. S. Thomsett, who farms on Dartford Marshes, in Kent, has taken the step of using the headlights of cars so that work could proceed uninterrupted into the night. The bad weather this summer is giving farmers many anxious moments and results are expected to be poor.

ALL HANDS HARD AT WORK DURING A FEW DAYS OF SUNSHINE WHICH MAY NOT BE REPEATED: This picture was taken at Ramsden, in Essex, and the men are feeding the thrashing machine which puts the corn in sacks and ties up the straw.

HARVESTING BARLEY IN SURREY: This combine harvester is working in the fields at Bolton Farm, near Epsom. The bad weather put the harvest back nearly four weeks, but farmers made the most of the recent sunshine, although results are not good.

ANOTHER VIEW OF WORK IN PROGRESS ON BOLTON FARM: Before the recent spell of sunshine, prayers for good weather were said in many churches.

MEN AND WOMEN TOIL IN THE WELCOME HEAT OF THE ALL-TOO-RARELY-SEEN SUN AT PARK HILL FARM, ASHSTEAD, SURREY: They are loading the stooks of cut oats on to the lorry. When the sun did shine, every ounce of labour was needed, and many local football matches were postponed as the men were wanted in the fields.

AMERICAN HURRICANE

The Trail of Desolation left along the East Coast by the Phenomenal Wind

For the first time since 1938 a Caribbean hurricane failed to blow out into the Atlantic, but instead hugged the coast-line with devastating results. Fortunately, most of the people living in the area had warning of the disaster over the radio, although some people lost their aerials in the high wind preceding the main force, and were unaware of the proportions the hurricane would assume. The full fury of the hurricane hit the Eastern forks of Long Island, sweeping straight across into the New England States. Altogether, the storm raged through seven States, finally blowing itself out near Quebec, in Canada. Rhode Island appears to have been the hardest hit of any area: 17 deaths and over £17,000,000 worth of damage are reported. In some areas martial law was declared, and troops were on duty to prevent looting. Soon after the extent of the damaged caused became known, President Eisenhower declared parts of Rhode Island and Massachusetts to be major disaster areas, which makes them eligible for Federal Aid. In Boston, the steeple of the Old North Church, from where hung the lantern signal which started Paul Revere on his historic ride, was toppled over by the force of the wind, and in New York City transport was crippled and power lines felled. Radio and television transmission masts were blown over, and most of the area affected was without electricity for some time. Both shipping and aircraft in the vicinity were affected. Two transatlantic liners had great difficulty in docking, and dozens of aircraft scheduled to land at New York Airport were diverted to several other airfields.

THE LEGACY LEFT BY THE HURRICANE WHICH SWEPT ALONG THE UNITED STATES EAST COAST LAST WEEK: This picture shows beach bungalows at Sebonac Neck isolated by the abnormal tide driven inland by the wind, which in places reached 100 miles an hour. Over fifty people lost their lives in the hurricane, and although it is too early to give an exact estimate of the amount of damage, it is thought to amount to as much as £180,000,000.

On right—

MANY AIRCRAFT WERE AMONG THE PROPERTY LOST: This is Sayville Airport on Long Island. One aircraft, at the top left, is on its back, and another has lost a wing. Among the wreckage of the smashed hangar are the remains of two light aircraft, while a larger, twin-engine machine, also in the hangar, appears to be almost undamaged.

IT WAS NO DAY FOR SITTING ON THE FRONT: A huge wave, whipped up by the hurricane, is seen about to crash down on the promenade at Asbury Park, New Jersey. Thousands of people lost their homes here.

SMALL CRAFT PILE UP ON THE BEACH: Members of the Boston Yachting Club are seen trying to salvage these small boats before they are smashed by the fury of the waves.

A FLIMSY ANCHOR IN A HIGH WIND: These two people cling desperately to a tree which is bent alarmingly by the force of the hurricane as it rampaged along the coast-line at Quincey, Massachusetts.

THE AFTERMATH OF THE HURRICANE—AN AERIAL VIEW OF NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT: Many of the houses straddle their foundations at crazy angles, while others have disappeared altogether. Cars, tossed around at the will of the wind, appear in odd places.

The HOME NEWS in PICTURES

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND NORTHERN IRELAND

On left—

PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE EDINBURGH HORSE SHOW: The Princess is seen presenting a cup to Mr. D. Iggulden, who, riding Mrs. M. M. Yate's horse, Montana, won the adult jumping competition. Standing behind the Princess is the Earl of Dalkeith, who was the director of the show. This year's Edinburgh Horse Show, which was held in Daniel Stewart's College Field, Ferry Road, in aid of the King George's Fund for Sailors, is regarded as one of the best and most successful of those held during the Edinburgh Festival. It attracted a crowd of 12,000 spectators and a record number of 193 entries. Scottish hunters were particularly well represented and there were competitors present from places as far south as Rugby and from Ireland. The weather for most of the day was good, with many bright sunny intervals, and was marred only by a small shower in the late afternoon. The horse selected as Show Champion was Miss Anne Clark's lightweight hunter, Ocean Traffic—a five-year-old bay gelding which has won many other honours this season.

THE "IBERIA" NEARS COMPLETION AT BELFAST: The 28,000-ton liner, which is the largest ship to be built in Belfast for forty years, is seen almost completed in the yards of Harland and Wolff, her builders. Launched in January by Lady McGrigor, the wife of the First Sea Lord, the *Iberia* closely resembles her sister-ship, the *Arcadia*. The maiden voyage of the new liner will be to Australia, and she will leave London on September 28. Her trials have already started. The *Iberia*, which belongs to the P. & O. Lines, has accommodation for 674 first-class passengers, 733 tourist-class passengers and capacity for over 150,000 cub. ft. of general cargo. Also she has room for 150,000 cub. ft. of refrigerated cargo.

A POLISH FISHERMAN LANDS IN SCOTLAND FOR MEDICAL ATTENTION: Bronislaw Stiburski (wearing a peaked cap) is seen being helped ashore from the Broughty Ferry lifeboat at Victoria Dock, Dundee. He sustained an eye injury while fishing with the Polish fleet off the Fife coast. When his ship, the *Arka*, tried to enter Victoria Harbour, she ran aground, and was stuck for eleven hours, and the lifeboat had to be called out to take Stiburski to a doctor in Dundee.

On right—

AN AERIAL VIEW OF CAMBRIDGE, SHOWING PART OF THE PROPOSED RE-DEVELOPMENT PLAN: In the centre of this picture are Regent Street and St. Andrew's Street, with Parker's Piece seen in the right foreground. The dotted line running to the right shows the route of the proposed relief road, which crosses Christ's Pieces—a pleasantly shady garden of lawns and flower-beds—which can be seen in the middle distance on the right. The dotted line running to the left is the proposed route of the new Guildhall Street. The revised plans have now been deposited with the Minister of Housing and Local Government, and the roads shown in this view are prominent features of the plan.

CLEARING GALE-BLOWN TIMBER IN SCOTLAND: Messrs. A. & G. Paterson's yard at Banchory is seen stacked with timber ready to be cut. All this wood comes from the trees blown down in the great gale of January last year. Although work has been going on apace clearing the fallen trees, it is not expected that all will be finished until next summer. No firm estimate of the amount of timber affected can be given until the results of a Forestry Commission census to be taken soon are known, but the latest tentative estimate is that nearly 48,000,000 cub. ft. of timber is affected. Arrangements for the working, transport and marketing of the timber have gone smoothly because of the effective co-operation of timber merchants, private owners and the Forestry Commission, and only a small amount of the blown timber now remains to be sold.

PULLING TIMBER FROM THE PLANTATION TO THE LOADING-POINT AT CRATHES CASTLE, IN SCOTLAND: All sawmills in Aberdeenshire have been working to capacity for some time now. The majority of the fallen timber has been sold to British Railways and to the National Coal Board. Fortunately the gale was followed by two wet summers, which have saved further losses by fire.

SCOTTISH PRISONERS RECEIVE A CIRCUS TREAT: The inmates of a large Scottish prison are being entertained by acts from the Billy Smart Circus. The event is part of an experimental educational programme for the prisoners, sanctioned by the Scottish Home Office.

THE BRITISH MOTOR COMPANY PLANS EXTENSIONS TO ITS PLANT IN AUSTRALIA: This picture shows large package-cases containing machines being loaded on to lorries at the Austin Works at Longbridge, Birmingham. It was recently announced that the B.M.C. had purchased a new factory at Fishermen's Bend, Melbourne, which will soon be operating with the two factories already there.

On right—

A FESTIVAL OF BOOKS AT NOTTINGHAM: Sonia Dresdel, the actress, is seen admiring a display of book-jackets with Sir Harold Nicolson at the festival which has been organised by the members of the British Booksellers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland. The festival is to last for three months, and during this time the full power of modern publicity will be aimed at persuading the 300,000 inhabitants that they should devote more time to reading.

A DISTINGUISHED FORGATHERING OF MEN OF SCIENCE AT OXFORD—THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION'S MEETING IN THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE: Sir Harold Spencer Jones, the Astronomer Royal, shaking hands with the Vice-Chancellor, Sir Maurice Bowra, after the former had been presented with an honorary degree. The opening of the meeting was held up for some time when the lights failed, but a member of the Association, Mr. J. L. Taylor, the manager of the Southern Electricity Board, repaired the fuse which had blown.

PARIS, EARLS COURT, and a NEW TURBINE

All Eyes on the Two Forthcoming Motor Shows; Austin Lift the Veil on their Turbocar; Rear-lights and Reflectors; Racing Cars in the News

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

MOTOR Showtime is fast approaching. The Paris Salon comes first. It opens on October 7 and so is less than a month away. Our own Exhibition at Earls Court opens on October 20—less than six weeks from now.

You can rely on the London Show to be of outstanding interest. A number of different firms will be exhibiting brand-new models and interesting technical developments are in prospect.

I think you will find a notable increase in the number of British models fitted with fully automatic transmission. The gradual change-over from side-valve to overhead-valve engines will be almost completed, there will be further examples of the use of plastics in automobile bodywork and there will be a bigger selection than ever before of drop-head coupés and station wagons.

The British Show, to be opened by Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, will be the biggest since the first one was held at the Crystal Palace, way back in 1903. In addition to the wide range of British cars there will be exhibits from six other countries: France, Germany, Italy, Czechoslovakia, the U.S. and Canada.

At the Paris Salon, 107 different makes of car will be represented, including the products of twenty-three British firms.

A reader of THE SPHERE—Captain C. B. Bond, of Warsash, near Southampton—has sent us an interesting Motor Show suggestion. He says a day should be set aside when the charge for admission to Earls Court should be £5.

He argues that this would enable genuine prospective buyers of cars to see properly and in comfort the models they are thinking of buying. They would have a real opportunity of inspecting them, he says, unimpeded by swarms of people who have no intention of buying a car. If the purchaser of one of these £5 admission tickets bought a car within nine months he should be given £4 of it back.

I put up this idea to an official of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, who said the scheme would be very difficult to administer and would result in a ridiculously small attendance on the "Five Pound Day."

It is felt that the recent decision to charge £1 from opening time up to 5 p.m. on the first day of the Show, and on the Tuesday in its second week, will have the effect of restricting the attendance on those days to the extent desired by our reader. Thank you for the suggestion, Captain, but let 's wait and see . . .

So the Austin Motor Company has admitted at last that it has been working on a turbocar for more than three years. Very interesting and important news, that, for it looked as if we were letting the U.S. get ahead of us after the Rover company had done brilliant pioneer work and produced the world's first turbine-engined car.

The outstanding point about the Austin announcement is that the 125 h.p. turbine, which they have fitted into a Sheerline for test purposes, incorporates a heat exchanger. This is a device which uses the heat of the exhaust—which would otherwise go to waste—to warm the air which is drawn into the compressor. This greatly improves the thermal efficiency of the engine and considerably cuts down the otherwise extravagant fuel consumption of the gas turbine.

In the case of the original Rover Turbocar—JET 1—which did 151.968 m.p.h. in Belgium, two years ago, fuel consumption was only 4 m.p.g. Austin's do not say what consumption figure they are getting with the aid of their heat exchanger. But they do say this: "With the possible exception of the Chrysler engine in America, about which little has been published, this is believed to be the first successful application of a heat exchanger to a gas turbine in a motor vehicle.

"The results so far obtained have been so encouraging that activity in this direction is to be intensified."

The Chrysler engine mentioned in the Austin announcement is claimed in the U.S. to equal, in fuel economy, a conventional motor-car. They have installed the engine in an ordinary Plymouth coupé and they say it does 18–24 miles to the Imperial gallon.

It is 200 lb. lighter and has less than one-fifth the number of major moving parts of a piston engine of similar power. It develops 120 shaft horse-power, which is equivalent to a 160 h.p. engine with normal transmission.

The man in charge of the Austin gas turbine research is Dr. John Weaving, a former Longbridge apprentice who joined the firm in 1936 and won a scholarship to Cambridge.

The design of an efficient and relatively simple heat exchanger is one of a number of major problems which confront turbine engineers and it will be a long time before turbo-cars begin to replace the piston-engined family saloon. The turbine will first be used in big, long-distance commercial vehicles and perhaps in big luxury cars and expensive sports cars.

AUSTIN'S CAR-OF-THE-DAY: Sir Leonard Lord (left) and Dr. J. H. Weaving, head of B.M.C. Gas Turbine Research, inspect the Sheerline saloon fitted with a 125-h.p. gas turbine on which tests have just been completed.

Don't forget those rear reflectors! You are required by law to have two of them at the back of your car by October 1 next—and that is only a couple of weeks away.

The position regarding rear *lights* has just been cleared up by an order made by the Minister of Transport under the Road Transport Lighting Act, 1953. All new cars, vans and lorries must have two rear lights in carefully-prescribed position and size by October 1 this year. Existing vehicles—with certain exceptions—must have them by October 1, 1956 (which strikes me as being a pretty generous period of grace).

All new pedal cycles, tricycles and motorcycles (including motorised bicycles) must have a rear *lamp* by October 1 this year. Owners of existing models must get one fitted by October 1 next year. You will notice that the period of grace here is only twelve months. Bicycles, whether motorised or manually propelled, must have a *reflector* after October 1 next.

It seems that motorists and other road users behaved themselves better last year. At any rate, the official returns for that year show a decrease—for the first time in five years—in the number of offences committed by drivers of motor vehicles of all types.

The total was 554,233, compared with 564,417 in 1952. Actual prosecutions showed a decrease of 10,184, and it is interesting to note that the number of written warnings *increased* by 3,676.

Mr. David Brown, head of the Aston-Martin organisation, has just provided an interesting example of how the lessons learned in road racing are eventually passed on to the motoring public.

He has announced that all Aston-Martin DB 2–4 production cars are now being fitted with the 3-litre engine which has been developed in his successful DB 3 S competition cars. This unit, by the way, is already used as the standard power plant of Mr. Brown's Lagonda models.

The DB 3 S gained 1–2–3 victories in the sports car races at both the 1953 and 1954 British Grand Prix meetings. The 3-litre engine is a 6-cylinder unit producing 140 b.h.p. at 5,000 r.p.m. It has a compression ratio of 8.2 to 1.

Which brings me to the recent record-breaking exploits in America of two British sports cars: the Austin-Healey Hundred and the M.G. Midget.

Let 's take the Austin-Healey first. . . . A modified production model fitted with a supercharger and having an extended nose and a tail fin achieved a mean speed of 192.6 m.p.h. for the flying mile. That 's some speed for a car of this sort. It was driven by Mr. Donald Healey, who has gone a long way since he first started building sports cars with Riley engines in a little factory in Warwick.

That car—which looks really businesslike with its tail fin—also broke a number of international and American national records, ranging from 156.7 m.p.h. for one hour to 183.8 m.p.h. for 10 kilometres.

It happened on the Bonneville Salt Flats in the State of Utah. Mr. Healey also took out a new version of the Austin-Healey: the Hundred "S" competition model, which is to be put into production for public sale in addition to the existing model, and which will be on view at Earls Court.

This car maintained an average speed of 132.2 m.p.h. for 24 hours and broke fifty-three international and American national records. This model will have an engine—of which the details are secret—which develops 130 b.h.p., compared with the 90 b.h.p. produced by the existing "Hundred." It will have an oil cooler, disc brakes and a 20-gallon petrol tank.

Our congratulations, too, to the Nuffield Organisation for their successful foray in Utah with a new 1½-litre streamlined M.G., which looks very similar to Goldie Gardner's record-breaker.

With fifty-seven-year-old Captain George Eyston and thirty-six-year-old Ken Miles (formerly of West Bromwich) sharing the wheel, this special M.G., which was not supercharged, broke thirty-four records, eight of them international. Over 10 miles, with a flying start, the M.G. clocked the remarkable figure of 153.59 m.p.h.

Captain Eyston has been breaking international records since 1930, when he averaged 87.3 m.p.h. for 100 kilometres in an M.G. In 1938 he captured the world land-speed record at 357.34 m.p.h.

Membership of the Automobile Association has now passed the 1,500,000 mark. Bravo, Fanum House! Formed in 1905 with 100 members and only £100 in the bank, the Association took fifteen years to enrol 100,000 members. The last 100,000 have swarmed in during the last four months—at the rate of nearly 1,000 a day!

A 1918 BIDDLE IN CHICAGO BEFORE LEAVING FOR ENGLAND: This venerable motor-car was on its way to New York and thence to England to take part in the current Anglo-American Vintage Car Rally which began on September 4 in Edinburgh. The driver of the Biddle is Edward Hansen, of Madison, Wisconsin. The Rally, organised by the British Travel and Holidays Association, and the first of its kind, comprises the friendly competition of ten American and ten British vintage motors over an 850-mile route through Britain. The Rally, it is hoped, will strengthen the ties of Anglo-American friendship. A similar Rally may take place in America at some future date.

"PIGEON-HOLE" PARKING—A REVOLUTIONARY SYSTEM IN OPERATION AT CARACAS, VENEZUELA: An attendant can be seen operating a lift which carries a car vertically to its "pigeon-hole." The large number of car-owners in the town of Caracas has necessitated this invention which parks or unparks a vehicle in two minutes.

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HOP-PICKING BEGINS

Familiar September Scenes in the Kentish Weald

LOADING THE FIRST HOPS OF THE SEASON AT BELTRING, IN KENT : The first days of September brought the usual crowd of Londoners and others for their paid holiday in the hop-fields of Kent and Sussex. Some 2,000 pickers arrived at Paddock Wood, Beltring, on the first day and another 1,000 joined later. A feature of the season nowadays is the number of sightseers. Special coaches come from as far away as Liverpool and Manchester; and the A.A. puts up road signs to direct them to the best viewing areas.

THREE JOLLY PICKERS AT PADDOCK WOOD : Mrs. Woods, of Downham, and Miss Sylvia Green and Mrs. Florence Green, of Nottingham, make a start at one of Messrs. Whitbread's hop-fields in Kent.

CHEERFUL CARTLOAD : All the family join in the work, but the younger children get a good deal of amusement out of their unaccustomed surroundings. Here a cartload of youngsters obviously find the horse-drawn farm cart more entertaining than a London bus.

STORM DAMAGE IN A KENTISH HOP-FIELD : Poles were blown down and the hops flattened in this six-acre field at Beltring. It has been estimated that £10,000 worth of storm damage was sustained in this area alone. Nevertheless, prospects for the harvest are considered to be good.

LIFE AMONG THE HOPS : This family prepares its mid-day meal, while the weekly wash hangs up to dry at Park Farm, in Kent. Similar domestic scenes are familiar throughout the hop-picking areas.

FAMILY GATHERING : The hop-pickers often work as family groups. Here the parents get down to the hard work of picking, helped by their older children, while the babies stay in their prams, or are kept in the little family circles. The first days of September provided reasonably good weather. Housing conditions for the pickers have been greatly improved in recent years.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A CLOSE LOOK AT LIFE

Animal-study in Africa and Canada; 20 Years a Missionary; an English Naturalist; the Malaya Scene; Greek and Indian Myths Retold; a Five-star Thriller

JUNE, July and August having been increasingly wretched in weather, it seems both a natural and kindly disposition of chance that so many of the current books should be of a kind to transport the reader, at least in imagination, far from these sodden shores. ANIMALS MY ADVENTURE (Methuen. 18s.), for instance, is by Dr. Lutz Heck, who was for years the director of a German zoo, and who travelled widely to help in the capture of specimens in the game territories of Africa and Canada. He hunted gorillas, armed for the most part with a camera in place of a rifle, rode after giraffes with a lasso and even netted rhinoceroses! But to many people the most interesting chapters of this book deal with Dr. Heck's experiments in "breeding back" from modern strains to extinct animals like the wild horse, "than which there is scarcely any fiercer or more dangerous animal," and the aurochs, the primeval wild ox.

Here is true adventure, only to be realised through scientific ingenuity and physical courage, and the author tells the story very well indeed. When the first fabulous foal was produced, true to the exact type of the primeval horse, one can really appreciate the words of his brother and colleague, that "that sort of thing is like a fairy tale, only very much more exciting."

MITSINARI (Staples. 15s.) is the extraordinary story of a French missionary in one of the remoter parts of Papua. Father André Dupeyrat landed there in 1930 and spent more than twenty years in dangerous, intimidating and insanitary conditions. He writes of his years among the Papuans with a cheerful simplicity that makes no attempt at heroics on the one side or concealment on the other. The horrors existed, and he describes some of them that one might have thought indescribable, but rewards were there too, and about these he writes candidly and with a genuine delight.

Where Father Dupeyrat worked, there were only 692 Christians in 1925; in 1930, by the efforts of two missionary fathers who preceded him, there were 4,000. Then he arrived as a young missionary to take part in the final harvest, but an impartial reader might consider that Father Dupeyrat's own part represented as great a struggle as theirs.

MENACE IN MALAYA (Harrap. 15s.) is the story of the six-year war still being fought against Communist terrorists there, by British, Gurkha, Malay and Chinese men. Mr. Harry Miller, for five years the correspondent of the *Straits Times Press*, based in Kuala Lumpur, writes of it not as a political study, but in an attempt to demonstrate two things: that the conquest of the Communists and their eradication from Malaya are of the greatest importance to the democratic world, and that time is not on our side anywhere in South-East Asia.

Mr. Miller writes clearly and unsensationally, and has let a straightforward exposition speak for itself. He gives the origins of what is termed the Malayan Emergency, and explains the formation of the Malayan Communist Party, the way in which it works, and its plans to establish a Soviet Republic, just that, in British Malaya. Of the two years of General Templer's administration there, he writes: "He called for action all the time; where it had not existed, or did not exist, he created it in his inimitable and forcing manner." Whether the country will be able to exploit his successes and move on to self-government, with a redoubtable organisation and the equally perilous time element against them, is the problem that the author poses. An informed and clear-sighted book.

Mr. George Sandwith's MAGICAL MISSION (Omega Press. 16s.) is an autobiography and a book with a message, concise, if not lucid, in its last lines. It is sincere, friendly and more than a little confusing to the reader, who is never quite sure whether he has got in his hands an unusual travel log (Ethiopia to Tonga, via the Western Isles), or an exercise in mysticism. However, as the author says himself of a lustily described safari, there is never a dull moment, and that is a fair description of a book which is strictly *sui generis*.

WANDER AND WATCH (Staples. 11s. 6d.) is a rewarding collection of nature notes and observations made by Mr. Walter J. C. Murray and Mr. L. Hugh Newman, and arranged in the sequence of the months of the year. The especial quality of the book is not so much in its descriptions of the familiar rhythm of the seasons, as in the ingenuity and acute observation the writers have brought to bear on the oddities and wonders of nature that may exist in our own gardens and familiar hedgerows. They tell us that long-tailed wood mice are the favourite prey of adders, which, to the soft-hearted, seems a pity, and that moles are the most wakeful and dormice the deepest sleepers of all. They point out ways of distinguishing poisonous mushrooms, and comment adversely on the stupidity of squirrels. They have, in fact, produced a book full of good lore, and an admirable addition to country bookshelves.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between the first two novels under review this week. One is Mr. Edward Crankshaw's very accomplished story of Army life among what our allies call the top brass, THE CREEDY CASE (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), and the other is Mr. Aubrey Menen's retelling of an old Indian legend. I found Mr. Crankshaw's tale of one man's stand against the assembled and organised might of the Army planners quite excellent, its situations perfectly credible, and its dialogue as authentic in type as only eavesdroppers or a born writer can make it.

RAMA RETOLD (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.), a parable for our own times, is the story of an Indian prince of 2,500 years ago, who lived his life according to the best advice, "reverenced his intellectual betters . . . and did what they told him to do. He took his morals from the best moralists, and his politics from the most experienced politicians. As a result, he was ruined, exiled and disinherited: his wife was stolen from him, and when he got her back he very nearly had to burn her alive from the highest of motives. In the teeth of the soundest guidance from his superiors, he finally recovered his country, his throne and his common sense."

This is a delightful book, funny and inventive.

THE VENGEANCE OF THE GODS (Macgibbon and Kee. 12s. 6d.) is a fresh collection of classical myths taken from the plays of Euripides and Æschylus and retold by Mr. Rex Warner. In my youth we read *The Tanglewood Tales* and enjoyed them, but now that these seem to be in slight eclipse, as I can testify, having tried them recently on the young, Mr. Warner's summaries of the great stories, told with his especial simplicity and elegance of style, are as welcome as the dew on Olympus.

There are two detective stories this week, each good enough to recommend to a friend. First, Mr. Ellery Queen with THE GLASS VILLAGE (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), a first-rate story of New England mayhem, in which those familiar characters, Queen *père et fils*, are temporarily discarded and the near-lynching and sleuthing are done by the locals. Original, violent and ingenious.

A KISS BEFORE DYING (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), by a young American writer, Mr. Ira Levin, is, in my opinion, the star exhibit of the week. The construction is more than just sound; it is really imaginative in form and smooth in expression. The principal character is a young man on the make. Murder is incidental to his scheme of things which is planned with the single object of getting rich quickly, easily and with the maximum of material comfort in the process. He congratulates himself on the neatness of his first murder, in spite of the tiresome fact that it doesn't advance his plans, and turns to his second and his third, and eventually to the horrifying and brilliantly treated climax of the story. Mr. Levin uses a very clever device in the telling of the story, which I don't propose to reveal, and altogether this first novel of his deserves all the praise and awards it is getting.

"THE WAKES," GILBERT WHITE'S HOME AT SELBORNE, FOR THE NATION: Following an appeal launched last year for funds to buy and restore "The Wakes," a devotee of Gilbert White has donated money which, together with what has already been subscribed, ensures the purchase of the property (with a row of cottages in the village) and vouchsafes its preservation as "a perpetual memorial to the father of English natural history." The benefactor, Mr. Robert Oates, of Bournemouth, has in addition presented a large library mainly comprising books on natural history, and has offered another library containing the many editions of White's famous book, and engravings, manuscripts and letters concerning White and Selborne, which will be placed in the room at "The Wakes," where *The Natural History* was written. A body of trustees will manage the property and libraries.

Here are a few short notes on three other books. The first is **THE FACE OF THE ARCTIC** (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.), *by Richard Harrington, which is a Canadian photographer's story in words and pictures of five journeys into the Far North.*

In **WINDJAMMER MODELLING** (Faber. 30s.), *Clive Monk gives a complete description of the subject, and his windjammers, all of which are less than 12 ins. in overall length, take shape rapidly. The volume is illustrated with photographs, drawings and plans.*

In **THE MIND OF KIERKEGAARD** (Martin Secker and Warburg. 18s.) *James Collins deals primarily with the philosophic aspects of the nineteenth-century Danish "thinker." It takes into account the historical setting and judges it in terms of the broader intellectual and moral traditions of Western culture.*

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU

English Rogue; Arabic Scholar

What would the twentieth-century psychologist do if he was confronted by Edward Wortley Montagu, who has been chosen as Exhibit "A" in the Rogues' Gallery Series of biographies now being published by Andrew Melrose? Undoubtedly he would guide this bizarre, maladjusted youth into the hands of the local probation officer whose powers would be no less certainly taxed to the limit. It was Edward's fate, however, to live in a spacious age in which there were no probation officers. This son of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whose letters now are part of our literary heritage, and of a millionaire miser, had plenty of room to manœuvre, and at the tender age of thirteen he ran away to Oxford, where it is recorded that he lived with "a lady of pleasure." His distracted father and mother thereafter had great difficulty in reducing Edward to the humble condition of a schoolboy. Later he decamped again and became an apprentice to a fisherman in the London Docks, and while still in his teens he shipped himself out to Portugal to work in the vineyards.

Edward was a dire disappointment to his parents. Here was he, the only son, the heir to great fortunes, with pocket boroughs ready to elect him to Parliament when he came of age, scorning the set routine of the eighteenth century and, instead of going on the Grand Tour of Europe, picking up a precarious livelihood in the most unlikely places, selling fish, gathering grapes and driving donkeys. Yes, Edward broke all the rules, but one can readily admire his determination of purpose and his abounding sense of adventure. Later in his wayward, wandering life he broke many more rules. He was arrested at varying times for fraud, seduction, brawling and necromancy. He was married at least four times to wives both white and black, and he was in turn Catholic, Protestant, Universal Believer and Muhammadan. Jonathan Curling has written his biography with rare dash and some measure of sympathy. He pays tribute to Edward's undoubted scholarship. He was a master of the Arabic language and spoke fluent Turkish. In his life he played many parts and none of them for very long, and, as he so proudly boasted, "I never committed a small folly." EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU is published by Andrew Melrose at 21s. The second and third volumes in this engaging new series deal with Thomas Dover (Dr. Quicksilver) and Thomas Johnstone (the Napoleonic smuggler).

Here are two books with a spice of adventure, more than a dash of politics and an aura of mystery. In FLIGHT FROM DAKAR (George Allen and Unwin. 15s.), Eiliv Hauge and Vera Hartmann tell the story of the Norwegian merchant ship *Lidvard*, which, at the fall of France, found herself by sheer bad luck in the port of Dakar, where she was promptly interned with other Allied vessels by the Vichy authorities. How the captain and crew perfected and carried out their plans for escape is thrillingly told and follows much the same lines as the celebrated dash for freedom by the *Amethyst* from the waters of the Yangtse. TOP SECRET MISSION (Evans Brothers. 12s. 6d.) is Madeleine Duke's very well-written account of a post-war assignment in Central Europe. Her brother Tony disappeared in Germany at the outbreak of war and Madeleine tells how she gave up her work as an atom physicist in Britain and joined the Allied Commission in Austria in order to search for him. Madeleine found Tony, but another great mission lay ahead. This twenty-eight-year-old girl had the task of tracing Hans Hassler, the German atom scientist, the fanatical S.S. officer, and how she accomplished this makes a fascinating story.

Watching a tank of tropical fish can be a most soothing sight, we are told; then how much more satisfying it must be to be an explorer among the undiscovered depths of submarine life. Otis Barton, in ADVENTURE ON LAND AND UNDER THE SEA (Longmans. 15s.), reveals not only a great spirit of adventure, but the ability to write with fascination of his own highly-specialised subject. It was in 1949 that Mr. Barton completed his new diving sphere, making in that same year his famous record descent to almost a mile beneath the surface into a world of darkness and bitter cold lit only by the phosphorescent trail of deep-sea creatures. Mr. Barton is not solely interested in the ocean bed, and his discovery of animal bones 4,000,000 years old in Iran, of a species called Sivatherium, a cross between a giant moose and a giraffe, and other remarkable researches in Amazonia, New Guinea and the Australian hinterland all go to the making of an enthralling story.

Finally, here are two books from the jungle and the bush. Kenneth Anderson calls his story of tracking in India NINE MAN-EATERS AND ONE ROGUE (Allen and Unwin. 15s.). His simple, direct realism has caught the atmosphere of the Indian village and its terror of the animal marauders which prey upon it. Elenore Smith Bowen has the same happy facility, and in RETURN TO LAUGHTER (Gollancz. 16s.) she describes a tribe among whom she went to live and work, finding a great deal of happiness, much merriment and a fair share of wisdom. *Return to Laughter* is a book which may please anthropologists, but it has also the fascination of fiction.

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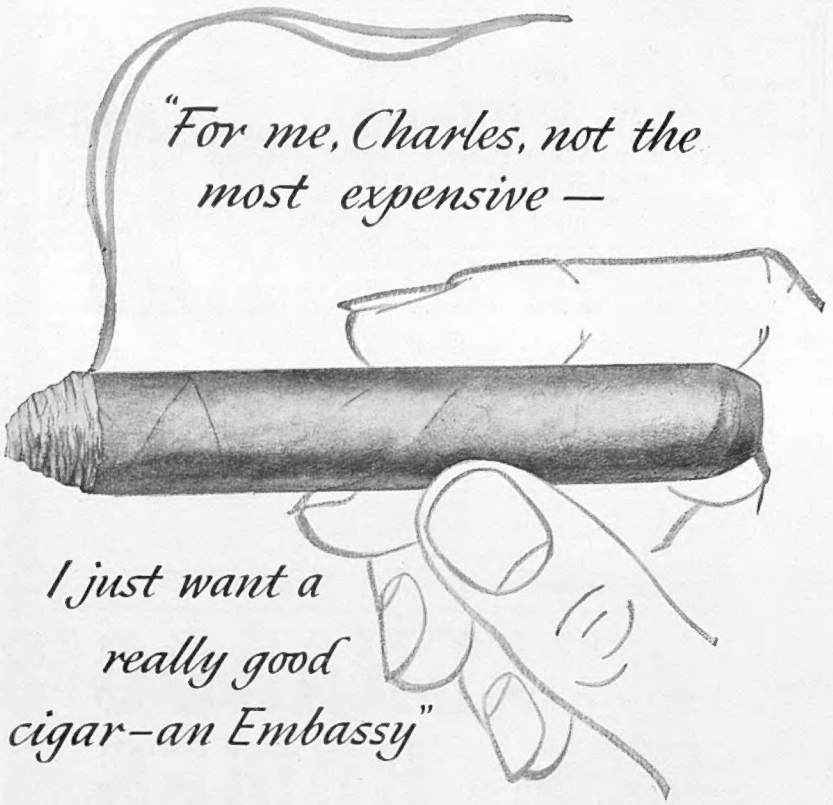

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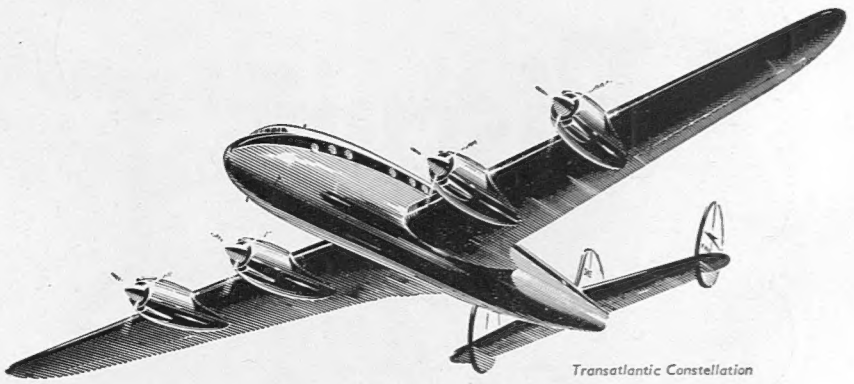

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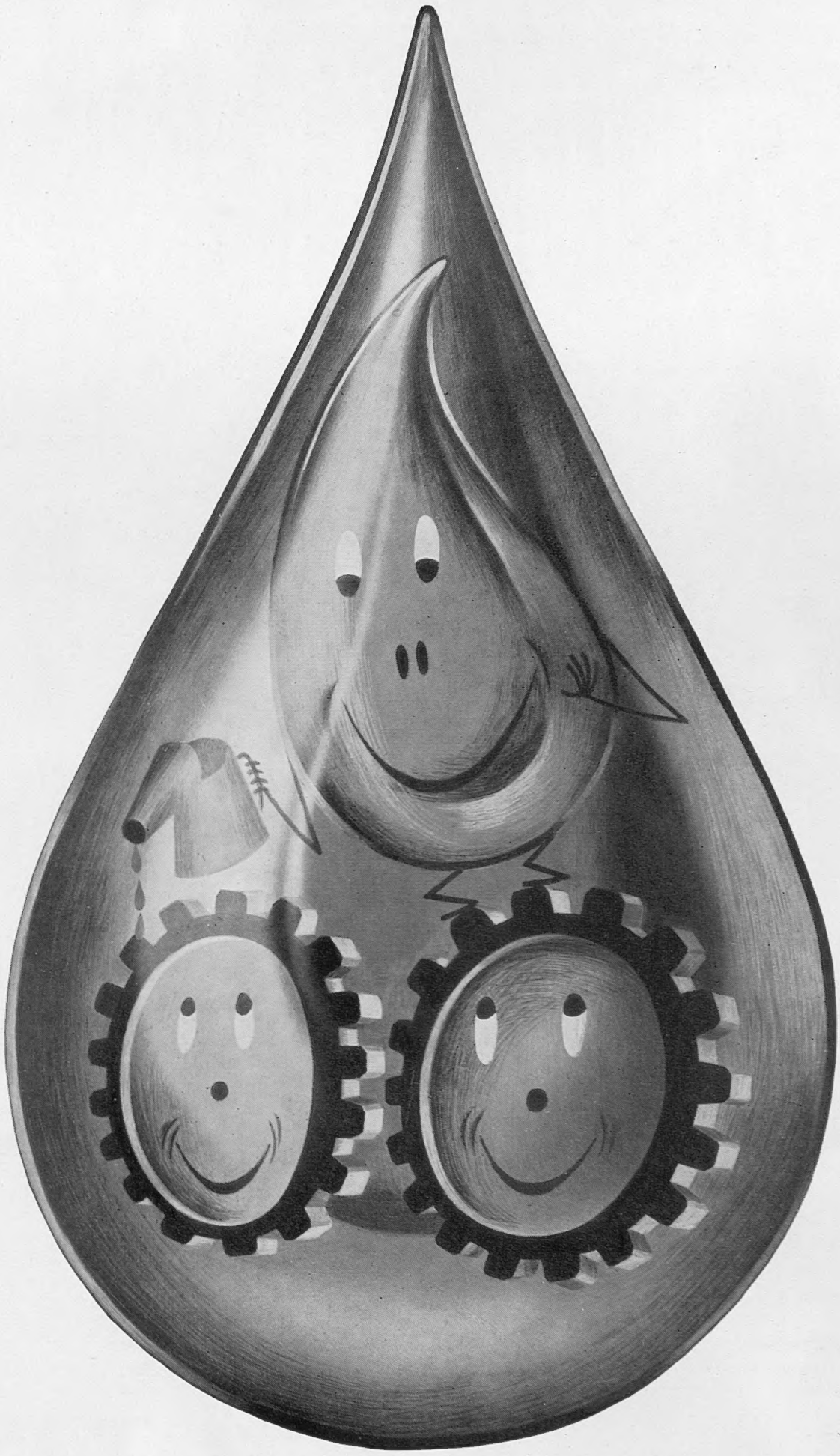

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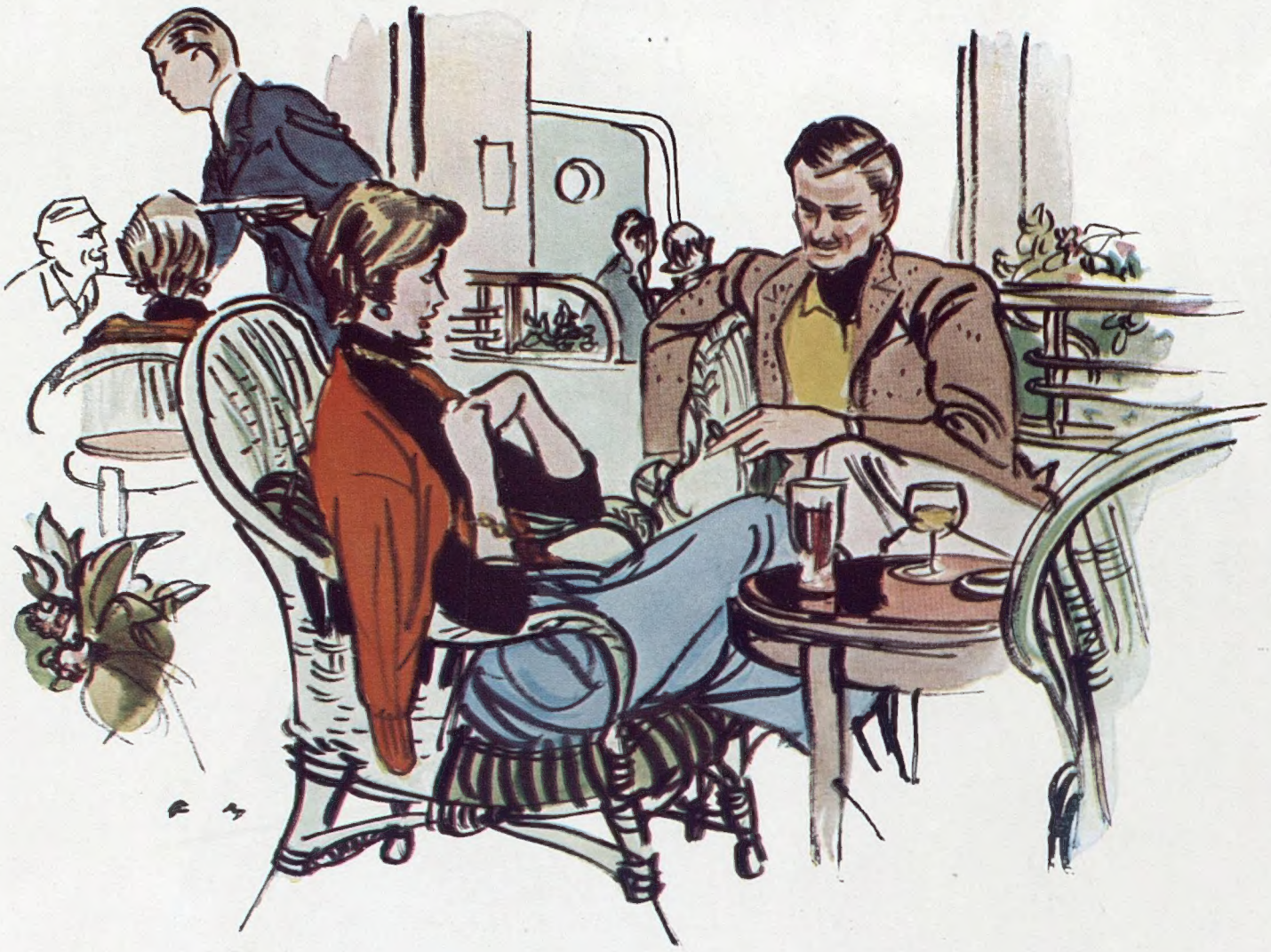

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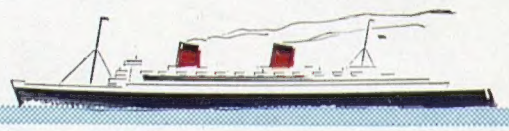

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